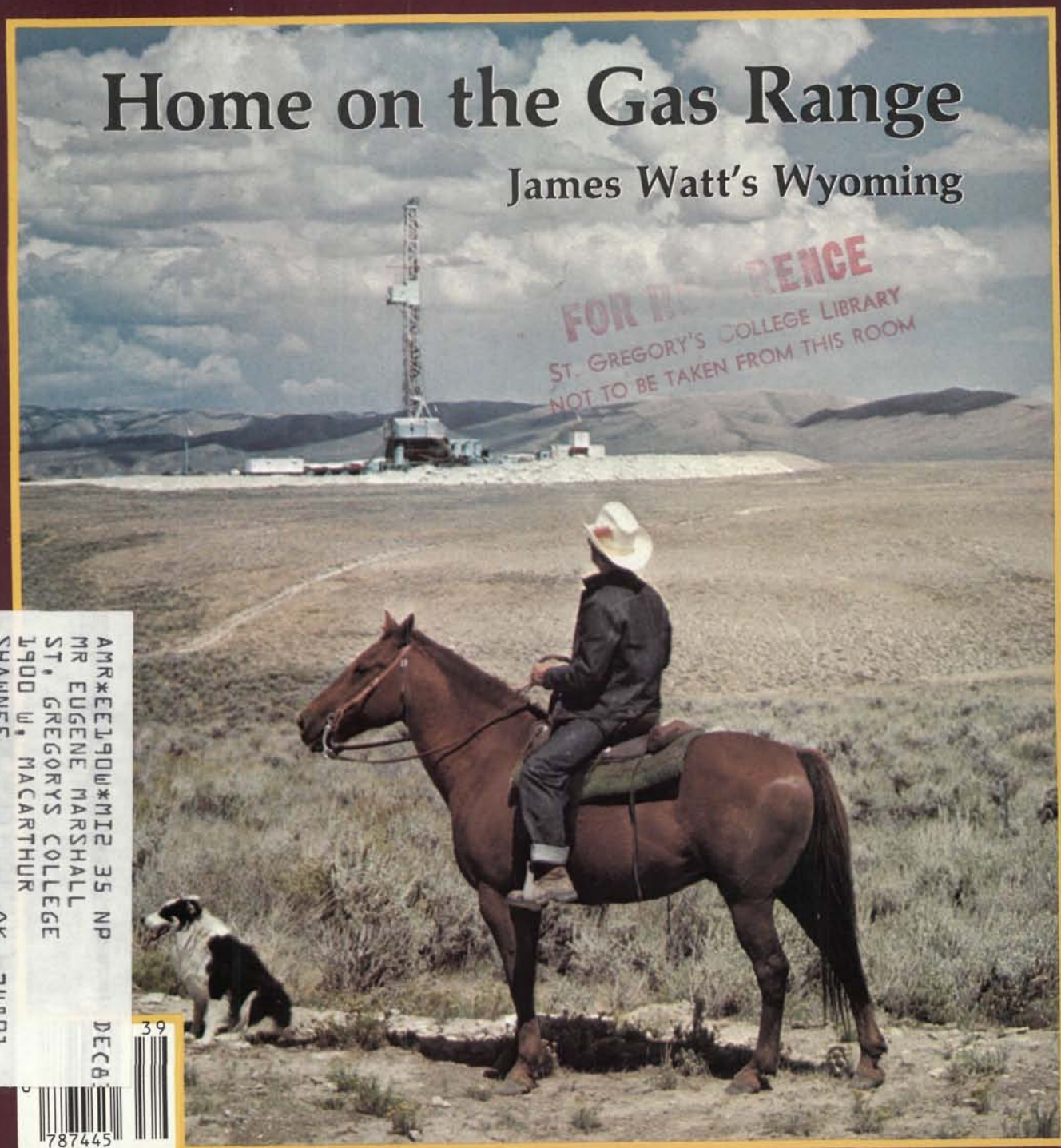
SEPTEMBER 30, 1981 • $1.50

The Day the Civil Rights Movement Died

Gays on Screen • *Solidarity Takes Charge* • *Updike's New 'Rabbit'*

THE NEW REPUBLIC



Home on the Gas Range

James Watt's Wyoming

FOR REFERENCE
ST. GREGORY'S COLLEGE LIBRARY
NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THIS ROOM

AMR*EEL90W*MI2 35 NP
MR EUGENE MARSHALL
ST. GREGORYS COLLEGE
1900 W. MACARTHUR
SHAWNEE OK 74801
DEC8
787445

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Cheap Shots

To the editors:

As a relatively new subscriber to The New Republic, I have been much impressed by the evenhandedness of most of your articles. So why the cheap shots at Norman Mailer? ("The Literary Life of Crime," Naomi Munson, James Atlas, TNR, September 9.) There is no evidence that Mailer in anyway misled the parole board or failed to live up to the obligations he made to the parole board and Jack Abbott. Indeed it would seem that Abbott was given a better than average chance at life on the outside. Neither Abbott's writings nor his prison history provides any foreknowledge that given a better than average chance on the outside he could not make it. If prison can teach a man only to be a prisoner and no amount of fame or money can keep him from committing a senseless act, then it would seem that Mailer's assessment is to the point. "It's tragic all around" is no mild observation but a comment on the whole story.

Michael J. Hill
Flint, Michigan

Spiritual Caveat

To the editors:

We Jesuits survived our "darkest and least-documented period," and even Madame de Pompadour's machinations, so I suppose we can also survive the intriguing mixture of truth and error in Francine du Plessix Gray's review of David Mitchell's *The Jesuits* (TNR, August 22 & 29). Maybe it was Voltaire who taught us to toughen our skins against French needles.

But at least a word or two in defense of St. Ignatius's *Spiritual Exercises*, which "never for a second" allow "those surprises . . . which distinguish the thought processes of any genuine mysticism, be it the Buddhist tradition or St. John of the Cross." I am not sure, first of all, which Buddhist texts are being referred to, but the Pali and Japanese texts I have studied surely demand quite a bit of difficult preparation plus definite "pastoral guidance" before one can decide if they lift to the heights or revolt by "crudity."

Second, even the *Exercises* speak in their own behalf: the director and his directions should not intrude greatly upon the retreatant's prayer, "for it is not much knowledge that fills and satisfies the soul, but the intimate understanding and relish of the truth . . . the Director of the *Exercises*, as a balance at equilibrium, should permit the Creator to deal directly with the creature, and the creature directly with his Creator and Lord."

Such direct contact with one's Lord is neither archaic nor sterile; it is the source of Hopkins's beauty and Berrigan's compassion.

Francis X. Clooney, S.J.
Gerard Manley Hopkins Hall
Chicago, Illinois

Francine du Plessix Gray replies:

Whatever sacredness these *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius have to the members of the Society of Jesus, there is no theological reason I'm aware of for them being considered by the Christian community at large as a text that is divinely inspired. If this is the case, we are all free to examine the *Exercises* as "pure text." Even if our tastes represent a minority opinion, we are not more duty-bound to see them as the exalted and inspirational work many claim them to be than we are duty-bound to prefer the novels of Nathaniel Hawthorne, for instance, to the novels of Harriet Beecher Stowe. One may be annoyed or even outraged by Nabokov's judgment of Dostoevsky as a second-rate novelist (expressed in his forthcoming study of Russian writers). But to deny him the right of his quixotic preference would be to engage in spiritual and literary Stalinism.

I confess a much more grievous fault: through sheer oversight, I referred to the great 17th-century Jesuit poet as "Thomas Campion." It should of course be "Edmund Campion."

Kinsley & Co.

To the editors:

The tasteless title notwithstanding, thank you for Michael Kinsley's most recent punditry ("Jerkofsky & Company" TNR, September 9). I, too, am puzzled. Why *does* Marvin pay Sidewall to drone on week after week when, as is often evident, Sidewall knows nothing about anything? Does this poor man's Alexander Haig really have a constituency? Perhaps the folks mistake his banality for temperance.

Andrew Gibson
Tolland, Connecticut

To the editors:

A satirical and witty article on Agronsky & Company is appreciated; the show asks for it. But Michael Kinsley's "Jerkofsky & Company" is not worthy of The New Republic—college magazines maybe, but not The New Republic. It's not funny.

Wallace K. Babington
Washington, DC

Form and Content

To the editors:

Change is rarely accepted by anyone. In the case of TNR, I view your "new look" as a refinement and a good one.

James P. Goldman
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

To the editors:

It seems your new designer brought a bit of Barnum and Bailey to your magazine when he joined the team. Confronted by the gaudy cover of the last issue I realized with a sigh that The New Republic had succumbed to the commercial tactics that long ago felled magazines like *Time* and your counterweight, *National Review* (you need still more ads). Now you have boisterous lettering, a businesslike table of contents, and scant separation of the two distinct parts of your magazine—politics and the arts. I had hoped TNR would maintain its quiet, aesthetic taste. Welcome to the Reagan era.

James Lightner
Stanford, California

To the editors:

Congratulations on your new, attractive layout. Now if only you would change what you write. Reading in your first redesigned issue (September 9) such editorials as "Off Tripoli's Shores," in which you endorse Reagan's swaggering display of force, and "To Save El Salvador," in which you encourage reconciliation with the barbarous regime which is systematically

(continued on page 40)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,481

WASHINGTON, D.C. — SEPTEMBER 30, 1981

Editor-in-Chief and President
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
HENDRIK HERTZBERG
Literary Editor
JACK BEATTY
Executive Editor
MORTON M. KONDRACKE
Senior Editor
MICHAEL E. KINSLEY
Associate Editor
CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER
Managing Editor
DOROTHY WICKENDEN
Films STANLEY KAUFFMANN — *Theater* ROBERT BRUSTEIN
Poetry Editor
ROBERT PINSKY
New Republic Books Editor
(Holt, Rinehart & Winston)
MARC GRANETZ
Associate Literary Editor
ANN HULBERT
Production Manager
MARIANNE JORDAN
Production Assistant
JENNIFER SOUR
Staff Writers
TIMOTHY NOAH, EMILY YOFFE
Assistant to the Editors
JOAN SHAFFER
Contributing Editors
ROBERT COLES, HENRY FAIRLIE, JOSEPH FEATHERSTONE, PAUL FUSSELL, JOHN KEEGAN, NATHAN LEWIN, JOYCE CAROL OATES, PAUL ROBINSON, RONALD STEEL, ANNE TYLER, NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN, MICHAEL WALZER, LEON WIESELTIER
Interns
ELISA ISAACSON, MICHAEL A. LERNER, JOHN LIEBER

Publisher
JAMES K. GLASSMAN
Controller
J. KRISTINE KLASMAN
Circulation Manager
REED PHILLIPS
Business Manager
FAYE V. PATTEN
Advertising Manager
JOAN M. STAPLETON
Circulation Associate
WINTER THOMASON
Accounting Assistant
LIVIA ARNAIZ
Classified Advertising Manager
THERESA MILLER
Leadership Network Advertising
ROBERT F. SENNOTT JR.
Staff Associate
DAVID SEIDEMAN
Back Issues and Reception
TRACY SWANSON
Consultant
ROBERT A. COHEN

Phototypeset by 19th St. Graphix, Washington, DC. (202) 833-2250

Production Supervisor
KATHY SULLIVAN
Typesetting
MARLENE DAVIS, JOHN O'NEILL, LILA WARD
Graphics
KENNY GRADY, GEORGE KIBLER

2 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... On Mailer, Jesuits, humor, and design.

4 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ..... H.E., MEET SUSIE

5 **THE EDITORS** ..... THE NAMIBIAN MUDDLE
The right road to a just settlement.
CUTTING THE LEAN
The budget crunches children's lunches.

7 **JOHN LIEBER** ..... ON THE HILL: BRIBERY IS BACK
Will Congress deregulate payoffs?

9 **FRED KAPLAN** ..... TAKE THE MX—PLEASE
More madcap missile mindlessness.

10 **ADRIAN KARATNYCKY** ..... IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED
Solidarity's new move to save Poland.

13 **MORTON KONDRACKE** ..... THE ALLIANCE IN ANGST
Torn between neutralism and bellicosity.

15 **HERBERT DENTON** ..... THE END OF THE CIVIL RIGHTS ERA
Roy Wilkins dies, Vernon Jordan quits, and a harsh new age is ushered in.

18 **CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.** ..... JIM WATT'S WYOMING
It's not yet a sagebrush counterrevolution, but out west they're having second thoughts.

22 **CLIFF SLOAN** ..... HOW THE WEST HAS WON
There's taxpayer gold in them thar hills.

24 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: WAITING FOR GROSBARD
Ulu Grosbard's *True Confessions.*

25 **MARK GIROUARD** ..... WHEN CHIVALRY DIED
How the English gentleman's code was killed.

30 **WILLIAM PRITCHARD** ..... IN CLOVER
Rabbit is Rich by John Updike

32 **CHRISTOPHER HILL** ..... THE VOCATION OF HISTORY
The Past and Present by Lawrence Stone

34 **PETER OSNOS** ..... SOUTH AFRICAN DISSIDENT
Asking for Trouble by Donald Woods

35 **CARL PROFFER** ..... ABSURDITY AS A WAY OF LIFE
Pretender to the Throne by Vladimir Voinovich

36 **JOSEPHINE WOLL** ..... *Heavy Sand* by Anatoli Rybakov

38 **RHODA KOENIG** ..... SCREENING GAYS
The Celluloid Closet: Homosexuality in the Movies by Vito Russo

40 **CHARLES KAISER** ..... BRIEF REVIEW *The Reagan Revolution* by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

43 **TRAVELING DIARIST** ..... SUMMER'S END

COVER Bill Peternal, a Wyoming rancher, rides by an oil rig north of his Kemmerer spread. Photograph by Shepard Sherbell for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Article on page 18.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Volume 185, Number 13, Issue 3481, September 30, 1981. Published weekly (except the weeks of January 3, July 11, August 8, and August 29) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Advertising: (202) 331-9787. Leadership Network advertising: (212) 682-4500. Single copy, $1.50; yearly subscriptions, $32; foreign, $39; students, $18.

© 1981 by The New Republic, Inc.

(ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide and Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers**: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and inquiries about subscriptions and undelivered copies to **Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, NY 11737.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

H. E., Meet Susie

H. E. Chiles has been writing me letters from Fort Worth, Texas, and I want him to get acquainted with Susie Jones. I haven't met him but I am going to be familiar and call him "H. E." He is the chairman of the board of the Western Company of North America, which furnishes all those oil field services to Texas and Louisiana petroleum companies and he is congratulating me as a stockholder about the way our political action committee defeated those "free-spending, anti-business members of Congress" in the last election.

Our political action committee is called Western SAFEPAC and H. E. tells me what a splendid job it has done. In the old days when you bought a share of stock you thought of it as a business transaction or maybe a little flier in speculation, but today it makes you eligible to contribute to a PAC. You are caught up right away in politics and get friendly, family letters from H. E. Why not? He needs help. Conditions are serious, I can tell you: "Today our nation is faced with high unemployment, no growth, runaway inflation, and burdensome regulations." That's what he says and it's right from the horse's mouth. What has brought on these disastrous conditions? They're a result of the "spend and tax policies of Congress during the past decades." Fortunately we can do something about it. H. E. tells me that at the last election, "We got rid of some of the big spenders in Congress." Would I like to make a donation now, really collaborate in our PAC? Corporations can't vote, he notes, but they can and do mobilize support. As H. E. puts it, "They can help elect advocates of free enterprise to Congress. They can encourage their employees and stockholders to get involved. . . ."

I think it's pretty fine for a busy industrialist like H. E. to put aside corporate matters and plunge into the job of saving the nation. You can see why Congress was so eager to give concessions to the oil companies with men like H. E. on its heels: the administration and Democrats got to bidding against each other for southern support in the tax bill battle. Maybe those oil tax handouts wouldn't have been made but for the corporate PACs. As H. E. tells me in an intimate little P.S.: "The advocates of free enterprise gained a lot of ground in 1980. Now is the time to prepare for the 1982 elections. We can't afford to let down now."

I will come back to the PACs in a minute, but first I have other business: H. E., meet Susie Jones! You will be pleased with her, I'm sure. You may get a better feeling about Congress at the same time. Susie is making her own little contribution to America in its hour of financial stringency. Yes, the Pentagon is giving up $10 or $20 billion to sop up red ink and Susie Jones will cut expenses by substituting soybean curd for meat on her federally subsidized school lunch plate. She is going to do more. She will take a cup of milk instead of a glass of milk. It will all save money.

H. E. should understand that Congress isn't always spendthrift; when it comes to appropriations for human wants it can be quite modest. Washington has been paying subsidies to school lunches for 35 years and the program now embraces 26 million children, but feeding kids like Susie Jones costs a lot of money. You might buy a new Pentagon weapons system with the aggregate. In addition to schoolchildren there are those smaller tots, the 850,000 preschoolers who get meals and snacks in day-care centers. The Department of Agriculture knows ways of reducing the cost; it proposes to serve smaller portions and make some substitutions in its lunches. It has published its plans and gives the public till October 5 to comment on them, after which it will make final decisions. The department concedes that the reduced portions will "in some cases lower the recommended daily allowance for nutrients."

Some changes are ingenious. Susie Jones is a pre-school child whose father has died and whose mother works. She will be cut back from a six-ounce container of milk to four ounces. According to previous largesse, set in the affluent, free-spending days of Congress that H. E. complains about, Susie was supposed to get two vegetables. Now it is decided that pickle relish, or ketchup, can count as one vegetable. Give the child six french fries, a scoop of cottage chees splashed with ketchup, a half-glass of milk, and a raisin or two to top it off and then drat the brat if she does an Oliver Twist on you and asks for more!

Meanwhile the new business political action committees flourish. They are extending their political influence at the same time that big business is getting bigger, big labor is shrinking, and big government is looking the other way. Common Cause issued a study of corporate PACs in the 1980 campaign called *Guide to Money, Power and Politics*. Take AT&T, for example; it had 23 PACs which distributed $652,679. The funds handed out went to Democrats and Republicans alike, with larger chunks generally going to committee chairmen and party leaders. That way the corporations always have a voice in Washington, no matter who wins. Senator John Tower, Republican of Texas and chairman of the Armed Services Committee, was the largest recipient. He pulled in $382,992. In the House another Texan, Majority Leader Jim Wright, got $234,180. Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker got $341,743.

These parallel movements would have startled trust-buster Teddy Roosevelt —the increasing concentration of US industrial power through mergers, and the new device by which corporations can exert political influence, albeit obliquely, through PACs. How far can it go? The thing got out of hand in prewar Germany, where business concentration and cartels eased the path of Hitler at a critical point. Our own variety of government conflict is tamer, thank goodness. It is always surprising, and always studded with symbols, with H. E. at one end of the political stage, for instance, and Susie Jones at the other.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC
SEPTEMBER 30, 1981

THE NAMIBIAN MUDDLE

At the latest meeting of the Organization of African Unity last June, the 50 member states were able to unite on only one issue: expression of hostility toward the United States for its policy on Namibia, for its "cruel and unusual manipulation" of the Namibian people. Those were the words of Sam Nujoma, the leader of the South West Africa People's Organization, the guerrilla group fighting South African rule in Namibia. The same sentiments were echoed by even the most moderate African nations like Kenya. (In contrast, Libya's takeover of Chad was deemed by the outgoing OAU chairman as having "not met with general approbation.")

It probably comes as news to most Americans that their government, preoccupied as it is with El Salvador and Saudi Arabia and Poland, should at the same time have been cruelly manipulating the Namibian people. What, after all, has the United States to do with Namibia? The US has no historical responsibility for the area. It was a German colony until World War I, when it was taken over by South Africa. After the war, South Africa ruled under a League of Nations mandate. Fifteen years ago the UN canceled the mandate and declared South Africa's presence in Namibia illegal, and it has tried ever since to get South Africa out. No one outside of South Africa questions the justice of these actions. But it is ironic that the world should be demanding that the US be the moral policeman to ensure that justice is done.

In our view there are two reasons why the US should become involved in—and as it turns out, expose itself over—Namibia. As a powerful multiracial democracy it has a certain moral obligation to try to do what it can to encourage a racially just decolonization of Namibia. Where the US differs with most African nations is in its assessment of what it can do, and of where justice lies in the current conflict. The Africans believe that South Africa drags its feet on granting independence to Namibia because the US is simply unwilling to bring South Africa to heel. Such a view grossly exaggerates US leverage over South Africa. In fact, the difficulty great powers have in exerting leverage over client states has been amply demonstrated in South Vietnam, El Salvador, and South Korea, to take only the most obvious examples. South Africa is not in the same class as these weak and heavily dependent states. It is the strongest power in Africa and, since the beginning of its international isolation 20 years ago, it has become increasingly self-sufficient. The West recognizes that the way to get South Africa to withdraw from Namibia is not by making empty threats and not by passing even emptier UN resolutions, but by seeking a compromise solution in which South Africa feels that its own vital interests are protected. That has been the negotiating approach taken by the Western Five (the US, Britain, France, Canada, and West Germany) and embodied in UN Security Council Resolution 435 of 1978, which established the principles of Namibian settlement, including free and fair elections under UN supervision and a phased South African withdrawal.

The US also disagrees with most third world nations as to what would constitute a just outcome. The UN General Assembly already declared SWAPO to be the "sole legitimate representative of the Namibian people." How it could discern that *before* a free and fair election is one of the many mysteries of liberation theology. Judging by Nujoma's vocabulary (scientific socialism) and his practice of internal democracy (during the 1970s he had hundreds of SWAPO dissidents put in Zambian and Tanzanian jails), those who believe that once in power he will respect pluralism and human rights are, to be generous, simply guessing. The fact is that no one knows what SWAPO would do in power. Nujoma could turn Namibia into a Zimbabwe or an Angola. For its part, South Africa has been trying to nurture internal political structures and parties to create an indigenous counterweight to SWAPO. There are a range of parties within Namibia from white extremists to the Democratic Turnhalle

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alliance, a multi-ethnic coalition which won South African supervised elections three years ago. (These elections were boycotted by SWAPO and not recognized by any country outside South Africa). Andreas Shipanga, Nujoma's minister of information until Nujoma jailed him in Tanzania, now heads a new party called SWAPO-Democratic. The DTA, SWAPO-D, the Namibia National Front, and other centrist coalitions are jockeying for position in anticipation of eventual internationally recognized elections. Most of these parties draw their support from the minority tribes in Namibia. SWAPO, by contrast, grew out of the northern Ovambo tribe, which constitutes 45 percent of Namibia's population and still is SWAPO's main base of support. Now, it is true that if the internal parties were to come to power they would probably be more sympathetic toward South Africa's security interests and toward existing social arrangements within Namibia than SWAPO would. (The 10 percent white population is economically dominant, though there is no apartheid.) If the Namibians want a revolution in their social structures in addition to independence, that is their choice. But America has no moral obligation to insist that an independent Namibia be revolutionary as well. Our only obligation is to ensure that Namibians have fair elections to choose between SWAPO and the internal parties.

IN THE ABSENCE of an internationally sanctioned solution that they could also accept, the South Africans are moving toward an internal settlement, à la Muzorewa. The problem with that is not that it is undemocratic; it is that it is doomed to failure. SWAPO will continue its guerrilla war. And that constitutes the other grounds for US involvement in Namibia. Continued war is an invitation for further Soviet and Cuban penetration and the strategic threat to the West. How to ensure an end to the war and, at the same time, thwart Soviet advances in southern Africa? There is an easy answer: accept SWAPO's conditions for an end to the fighting. With South Africa out of Namibia, the argument goes, Angola would have no need to keep the Cubans and could send them all home. That is what the Angolan foreign minister says, although he does add that before the Cubans could go home the nasty UNITA problem would have to be cleared up. It is interesting that those who make this case never argue the converse: that if only the Cubans and Soviets were to leave Angola, then the West (and South Africa) would have nothing to fear from a pull-out from Namibia and free elections could proceed forthwith. Furthermore, those who believe that the Soviets, once they arrive at a country, stay only as long as needed, have not looked at a map lately. (How much longer will the Soviets be needed in Czechoslovakia or South Yemen?) Apparently neither side is going to test the good will of the other with unilateral moves. Fine. That at least is a triumph of realism. The five Western powers are proceeding, therefore, on the more difficult but realistic solution based on UN Resolution 435. All sides have accepted this resolution in principle. The tortuous negotiations over the last three years have been about the modalities of the election. By the middle of last year most of the details had been worked out. However, in August 1980 South Africa raised new objections. It demanded assurances of impartiality, accusing the UN of being biased toward SWAPO. Among the "confidence-building" measures demanded was UN derecognition of SWAPO. This, of course, is highly unlikely. Since South Africa knows this, we can only conclude that it is stalling, either for domestic political reasons or to allow more time for the internal parties to develop and acquire strength. Whatever the reason, when the Reagan administration took office, it declared the negotiations "dead in the water" and moved to break the stalemate. It tried to satisfy South Africa's security concerns by proposing constitutional guarantees to protect minority rights and seek to assure that Namibia's first free election would not be its last. This happens to be the same formula that broke the deadlock in Zimbabwe and led, ultimately, to majority rule. In April the Reagan administration won reluctant acceptance from the four other Western contact nations for this proposal. But since it was a modification of the original negotiating position of the Five, it has encountered stiff resistance from SWAPO and its backers.

The Reagan proposal is neither undemocratic nor contrary to our strategic interests. It makes a solution of the problem more acceptable to South Africa and therefore more possible. It is a way of trying to tilt the odds so that even if SWAPO were to win a free election, Namibia might follow Zimbabwe's course rather than Angola's. Nevertheless, last week the General Assembly condemned "the latest maneuvers by certain members of the Western Contact Group aimed at . . . depriving the oppressed Namibian people of their hard-won victories in the struggle for national liberation." The resolution also issued the ritual call for a worldwide economic boycott of South Africa. (The utility of that suggestion can be gauged by a glance at the Organization of African Unity's own existing mandatory boycott of South Africa: last year Africa conducted more than $1.2 billion in trade with South Africa, about 8 percent of South Africa's total.) The assembly also attacked the US veto of a Security Council resolution condemning South Africa's raid into southern Angola, a useless and selective condemnation which would have served only to stiffen South African resistance to a UN settlement. Nujoma has bitterly denounced the Reagan approach. He is mightily offended at having outsiders impose constitutional principles on his country. On the other hand, he is not offended to have outsiders do for him what his guerrilla army would never be able to achieve on its own—send the South Africans packing. He can't have it both

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ways. And neither can South Africa. If it wants the West to continue to fend off economic sanctions against it, to end the guerrilla war, and to give the internal parties a fair chance to appeal to the Namibian people, then it is time for South Africa to accept the US proposal. The Reagan administration has gone far to meet South African concerns. It has been right to do so. But it has now gone as far as it should go.

Cutting The Lean

In this administration, budget savings come, literally, out of the mouths of babes. Last summer, at the prodding of David Stockman's Office of Management and Budget, Congress cut the federal school lunch program by one-fourth. To help cut costs, it instructed the Department of Agriculture, which oversees the program, to ease regulations, "including regulations pertaining to nutritional requirements for meals." The department has responded by abandoning its 35-year commitment to supply children with one-third of their nutritional needs each school day.

Elementary school students once entitled to eight ounces of milk will now receive six ounces. Their hamburger patties will shrink from two ounces to one and a half. Most other food portions will be reduced by half an ounce, and for the first time in the program's history, thiamine, vitamin B6, calcium, magnesium, iron, and overall caloric intake will fall below one-third the recommended daily allowance. Peanuts will be a permissable substitute for meat, and ketchup and relish are now classified as vegetables.

The original idea was simply to tighten eligibility standards for lunches that were provided free or at a reduced rate, and to eliminate the program's administrative fat. Stockman's February budget book promised that full and partial federal subsidies would continue to ensure that needy students "have access to adequate nutrition at school." Eligibility standards were indeed tightened, but when the Department of Agriculture was given 90 days to come up with some thrifty ideas for the new school year, it predictably failed to recommend any administrative changes that hadn't already been specified by Congress. Meanwhile, the fat remains. What has been cut—in the form of those skimpier hamburger patties—is the lean.

To be sure, some of the proposed regulations will eliminate burdensome rules. For instance, schools have been required since 1979 to offer unflavored lowfat milk, skim milk, or buttermilk as an alternative to regular milk in order to reduce children's intake of fat and sugar. Nutritionists who worry about the fat content of regular milk are probably missing the point of the school lunch program, which is to fatten up the skinny, and certainly fail to remember how *they* felt about skim milk when they were nine. Now those unused cartons of skim milk will no longer be required to sour on the shelves of school cafeterias.

Administrators worry that much of the food provided in the program doesn't find its way into children's bellies. But the indisputable fact that children don't always clean their plates is no excuse for reducing their portions. The neediest among them rely on school lunches to supply up to half of their daily nutritional requirements. These children probably do clean their plates. Thanks to the really breathtaking stinginess of the new order, it won't take them much time to do so.

On The Hill

Bribery Is Back

WALL STREET'S anxiety about budget deficits continues to thwart Reagan's plans for economic recovery, but the climate in Washington remains doggedly pro-business. The next object of the administration's anti-regulation crusade appears to be the Foreign Corrupt Practices Act of 1977, which prohibits US corporations from bribing foreign officials and concealing payoffs in their books. On August 31 Attorney General William French Smith announced that the administration intends "to eliminate the more offensive provisions of the law that both harm our companies' ability to do business overseas and offend the business sensibilities of other countries." Senator John Chafee, Republican of Rhode Island, introduced a bill last March "to amend and clarify" the act. Since then Chafee and US trade representative Bill Brock, the administration's point man on this issue, have been trying to sell the idea that ambiguities in the FCPA have had a "chilling" effect on American companies operating abroad—that excessive concern about corporate liability under the act has cost us many lucrative foreign contracts. The bill recently came before the Senate Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs Committee, where it faced tough opposition from Senator William Proxmire, Democrat of Wisconsin, who sponsored the 1977 legislation. Calling Chafee's bill "blatantly pro-bribery," Proxmire joined the fight by declaring that the proposed revision "beheads the Foreign Corrupt Practices Act."

The FCPA was a by-product of the post-Watergate inquiries into corporate slush funds. In 1976 the Securities and Exchange Commission released a report detailing questionable use of corporate assets (including payoffs to foreign officials) by over 400 of the largest US companies. During the same period, bribery

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scandals involving major corporations such as Lockheed and United Brands toppled the government of then-prime minister Takeo Miki in Japan, shamed the Dutch monarchy, and rocked the ruling Christian Democratic party in Italy—contributing to gains by the Italian Communist party in elections soon afterward. Before long President Gerald Ford admitted that corporate bribery threatened "to hurt our foreign relations." In the wake of these revelations, the FCPA sailed through Congress, passing unanimously in both the House and the Senate. Business opposition to the FCPA was almost nonexistent in 1977. It's an altogether different story today. With avid business support, the Chafee bill has been moving quickly in the Senate. On the House side, hearings to consider possible revisions of the act are underway.

THE FCPA has two principal functions. First, it deals extensively with accounting procedures, requiring all companies to develop and maintain strict bookkeeping standards. Second, it proscribes "corrupt" payments to foreign officials—in particular, to officials in a position to influence decisions about the award of contracts—and makes it a crime to falsify company books. Specifically, the FCPA states that a company will be held liable if it "knew or had reason to know" that an illicit payment would be made on its behalf, a measure designed to prevent corporations from making bribes through foreign middlemen. Business interests and the administration have raised objections to both the accounting and the anti-bribery provisions of the act. They claim that the accounting standards have imposed an unnecessary administrative burden on businesses, and that the costs of complying with the law far outstrip any benefits to stockholders. More important, critics of the FCPA complain that uncertainty about the meaning and applicability of the "reason to know" provision has made it difficult for them to use influential foreign sales agents, whose contacts are often necessary to obtain business in other countries. They claim that corporations have forgone "legitimate market opportunities" rather than risk prosecution for negligence if an agent or sales representative were to use his commission to make a payoff.

Undoubtedly there have been cases where cautious interpretation of the anti-bribery standards has put our companies at a competitive disadvantage, and cost them promising contracts. Even companies that voluntarily adopted corporate codes of conduct before the passage of the FCPA have expressed dissatisfaction with the law. "I would want anyone who bribes or condones bribery to be thrown in the clink," says John Bartels, director of public affairs for Rexnord, a Milwaukee-based manufacturing concern with a reputation for high standards of business ethics, "but the act can serve as a disincentive to legitimate exporters." But Congress clearly intended that business reject those opportunities where bribery was an essential tool of competition. Business groups emphasize that in pressing for revision of the act they are not seeking a renewed license to bribe. But so far corporations have failed to provide convincing evidence that there are many cases in which ambiguities in the act, and not merely the prohibition against bribery, have cost them legitimate business. Most companies have declined to discuss their specific problems with the law.

In fact, there is strong evidence that the FPCA has hurt business very little. Sixty-eight percent of the Fortune 1000 corporations who responded to a questionnaire circulated by the General Accounting Office reported that the FPCA has had "little or no effect" on business; less than one percent claimed that the act has had a "great" negative effect. And 87 percent of the same companies said that the law has not significantly discouraged foreign buyers and agents from doing business with US exporters. Over the last three years the value of our exports rose about $100 million—far outstripping the rate of growth in our GNP. Supporters of the Chafee bill lament that our share of free-world exports has fallen from 15 percent to 12 percent in the last ten years. But they fail to mention that this figure has actually *grown* since 1977 (when the FCPA became law), rising in three years as much as Japan's share of the export market did in the past decade.

Nor has enforcement of the FCPA been unduly harsh. In the past four years only five cases have been brought under the anti-bribery section of the law, and only a few more companies have been charged with violating the accounting standards. Contrary to business's purported fears, the government hasn't once sought to prosecute any company for inadvertent violations of the law; indeed, almost all of the cases have involved illicit payments or bookkeeping inaccuracies in excess of a million dollars. Why, then, are administration officials and their allies in the boardrooms so keen on revising the FCPA? The answer is provided by the Chafee bill, which does not, as its advocates claim, clarify the law, but summarily guts it. With a few seemingly innocuous changes in language, the proposed revision would make it all but impossible to enforce the act.

CORPORATIONS would no longer be required to keep records "in reasonable detail," but only to account for transactions deemed financially "material." In general, this would allow businesses once again to dispense unspecified sums from "miscellaneous" funds. It would mean that a large corporation could donate as much as $50 million to well-placed foreign officials without having to reveal it to the SEC or to shareholders.

More importantly, the Chafee bill would scrap the "know or reason to know" standard, putting an end to business's concern about being prosecuted for the indiscretions of some foreign agent. Instead, a company would be criminally liable only if it were to "cor-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ruptly direct or authorize" the payment of a bribe. Senator Proxmire accurately characterized this change as "an open invitation to putting your executive head in the sand." Chafee's revision not only denies that a corporation is obligated to monitor its foreign agents, but it also relieves companies of much of their responsibility for the behavior of their own employees. An American branch manager overseas might with tacit approval pay an agent an unduly large commission to allow him to make a bribe, but the corporation would be held criminally liable only if it could be proved that the bribe had received top-level authorization.

The FCPA does not forbid minor grease payments—baksheesh—which are accepted as customary and necessary to do business in some parts of the world. But as former congressman Bob Eckhardt has observed, "As the greatest commercial power on earth, it behooves us to put an end to the shameful practice of influence-buying." The kind of payoffs expressly prohibited by FCPA subverts the laws of the free market, which dictate that firms compete on the basis of price, quality, and service. And there should be no question of allowing our nationals to undermine our foreign policy interests in the way that the scandals preceding the passage of the FCPA did. There are many honest businesspeople who share these principles but who nevertheless support the Chafee bill. They believe that most corporations have mended their former ways, and that improved record-keeping procedures will not be abandoned regardless of change in the law. This may be true. Still, the Chafee bill effectively invites the less conscientious to resume the skullduggery that made a tough anti-bribery law necessary in the first place.

JOHN LIEBER

The latest punchline for a bad joke.

TAKE THE MX—PLEASE

THE LATEST IDEA for where to put the increasingly troublesome MX missile—the idea which the Reagan administration seems on the verge of carrying out—displays the same sense of folly and purposelessness that one has grown accustomed to witnessing in this seemingly endless strategic saga. The new plan may be less expensive and grandiose than the old one, but it makes up for this deficiency by being far more foolish and bizarre.

The original plan was to dash each MX missile from one protective shelter to any of 23 others along a gigantic complex of roads. The Soviets, not knowing which of the shelters really contained a missile, would have to fire nuclear warheads at all of them in order to pull off a successful first strike. There would be 200 MX missiles, thus, 4,600 shelters.

Problems set in when a) this plan became very unpopular among residents of Nevada and Utah, the states which would have had to play host to the missile, and b) the fact began to sink in that the Soviets, within a reasonable amount of time, could build the necessary number of warheads to wipe out (theoretically) all 4,600 shelters.

THE NEW idea of the Reagan administration is to build, for now anyway, only 100 MX missiles and put them in only 1,000 shelters. This may go some distance toward mollifying citizens of the southwest, but it heads in precisely the wrong direction in taking care of the problem for which the weapon system was designed to begin with—the Soviet Union. If the Russians could soon enough "take out" the 4,600 shelters of a full-scale MX system, then in far less time they could certainly cope with a truncated MX system of 1,000 shelters. Some administration officials casually talk of constructing an antiballistic missile system to provide the additional security. However, it is extremely doubtful that ABMs would work. Even if they did, the Soviets could still send in enough weapons to absorb the attrition and destroy the 1,000 shelters by the end of the shoot-out.

But, as one participant in interagency meetings on the MX wryly puts it, "What do the Russians have to do with any of this?" The real problems are politics and economics. Political opposition to the MX has been seriously mounting in the heart of "Reagan country," not least from two of the most hawkish members of the Senate, Jake Garn and Reagan's close friend and political adviser, Paul Laxalt, who not coincidentally represent Utah and Nevada respectively.

Economic problems are even more ominous. The administration faces a deficit of at least $70 billion, steady inflation, and interest rates that refuse to come down. More budget-cutting is on the agenda. Budget director David Stockman has sliced from the discretionary portion of the budget just about all that the pro-Reagan coalition in Congress can live with. The aborted attempt at cutting Social Security a few months back threatened to rip that coalition asunder. This leaves only one substantial category untouched: defense. The MX, which represents a great deal of money assembled in one place, is a tempting target.

If logic were allowed to intrude, only one conclusion would make sense: if the multiple-shelter scheme was inadequate with 4,600 shelters, as many Air Force officials began to concede, then if there will be only 1,000 shelters, we might as well not build it at all.

The whole incident brings to mind the original ABM controversy, circa 1967. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara wanted no ABM at all, but President John-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

son was under intense pressure—from Congress and from the entire Joint Chiefs of Staff—to have *some* kind of ABM. McNamara decided to cut his losses and hold the line by approving a small-scale ABM project, rather than—as the military and many in Congress wanted—a program large enough to protect the entire country. (McNamara knew that a nationwide ABM would be astronomically expensive, and detailed Pentagon studies suggested that it would not work anyway.) Furthermore, McNamara picked a rationale for the ABM that would serve to keep the door open only so wide—namely, that the weapon would be designed to protect against an attack from China but not from Russia. This rationale also had the virtue of appearing so ridiculous that it might contribute to arguments for shutting off the ABM entirely. Meanwhile, the military went along, seeing the outcome as one that at least did not shut them out entirely.

Whether or not Caspar Weinberger soon starts talking about a Chinese or Libyan threat to the Minuteman ICBM force, the scaled-down MX makes even less sense than the anti-Chinese ABM. The phenomenon, however, is similar: if Weinberger, as some suspect, is trying to keep the MX within limits, the scaled-down version accomplishes that goal; and if the Joint Chiefs want to keep their feet in the door, well, they aren't shut out either.

The real lesson of the story is that this is what happens when defense intellectuals who dwell on peculiarly abstract and imaginary threats come to have power and influence in national politics. Roughly six years ago, a relatively small group of professional doomsayers started talking and writing about how the Soviet Union would soon be able to knock out 90 percent of the US Minuteman ICBM force in a limited first strike. They talked so loudly and incessantly that the scenario soon became a regular feature on the front pages of daily newspapers. Before this time, not many people outside the strategic community had made much of this—not the allies, not any president, not even (so an examination of their military literature would reveal) the Soviets. But many people quickly talked themselves into believing it.

NOW THE scene is changing. Some people are beginning to wonder out loud. Journals as stalwart as *Aviation Week* and *Strategic Review* are printing stories and editorials suggesting—in *Strategic Review*'s case, proclaiming—that the whole business of "Minuteman vulnerability" might be a fraud; that missiles could never be so reliable or accurate as to disable very many hardened ICBM silos; that gravitational pulls, atmospheric anomalies, and all sorts of other uncertainties occurring along the flight path would thwart the fine-tuned calculations of any first-strike plan.

But skepticism may have come too late. The defense intellectuals have boxed themselves in—along with the nation. Their preferred solution to the ICBM-vulnerability "problem" is wildly unaffordable, and none of the other alternatives makes sense on any level of logic. The truly logical solution—canceling the whole business—is probably as politically unlikely as the other plans are physically implausible. Then again, if Reagan did want to scuttle the MX, he is the perfect man for the mission. What more genuinely hard-line politician could the military start backing as an alternative? Who could accuse Ronald Reagan of being soft on defense?

FRED KAPLAN

Fred Kaplan is writing a book on the history and makers of nuclear strategy.

Solidarity takes another long step.

IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED

Gdansk

A BANNER hanging from the roof of a modern aquamarine high-rise near the central Gdansk train station announces "Solidarity's First Congress—Our Chance." And with the steady and perceptible deterioration of Poland's economy, with the lengthening queues and growing shortages, with the government's shortages, with the government's failure to develop anything remotely resembling a thoroughgoing reform of industry, there is a sense here that Solidarity is indeed the country's only chance.

If its first days are any indication, the Gdansk congress signals a historic departure in Solidarity's brief but eventful life. It clearly marks the union's emergence as a highly politicized social movement which, as one founding member of the dissident Workers' Defense Committee puts it, "is something like an alternative government." Today only the Catholic church remains a more popular institution than the union. But the delegates know that unless Solidarity attempts to take charge it risks losing the steadfast support it enjoys. That realization is what has dictated the union's new, more political course.

Inside the Olivia sports arena, the site of winter ice hockey matches, 900 delegates, representing nearly ten million workers, have gathered in what is Poland's first authentically democratically elected national congress since the Communist takeover. The hall is gaudily decorated in yellows, reds, and oranges. As much as anything, this gathering is a spectacle, an initiation rite for a new institution. And even on the first day it is clear that conventioneers in Poland behave no differently from their American counterparts. The convention chairman regularly pleads for delegates to clear

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The new song and dance about imported classical music.

If you are already convinced of the superior quality of imported classical music, labels like Deutsche Grammophone, EMI, Philips, Telefunken, etc. you're going to love this ad. If you're not, check out your stereo system. Classical music buffs (and addicts) often pay dearly for the European connection: around $13 a disk, with few exceptions. Blue Angel is the exceptional connection because we buy large quantities of the best classical music there is directly from Europe, eliminate the percent-hungry middleperson and sell directly to you by mail. That's why our imported and famous label recordings often cost even less than their domestic counterparts. Now that you've heard the song and dance, get the real thing: factory-fresh European name brands, pressed, printed and sturdily boxed in Europe. All are Stereo unless indicated otherwise. And as many of these sets are available for the first time in the U.S.A., "not" prices are for comparison only, based on the suggested list price of comparable LP sets.

Wagner: The Ring. Complete Edition: Rheingold, Walkuere, Siegfried, Goetterdaemmerung. Herbert von Karajan conducts the Berl. Phil. & Opera. Gundula Janowitz, Christa Ludwig, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Karl Ridderbusch, etc. First-row Deutsche Gram.(2740 240). Made in Ger. Txtbk. Ger. ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★ 19 LPs not $190 only $99.99. It#29595

Vivaldi, 82 Concerti. The most complete anthology, perf. by I Musici. Grand Prix du Disque; Edison Award; Deutscher Schallplattenpreis. 12 hrs. of Baroq. mus. Philips (6747029). Md. in Hol. ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★ 18 LPs not $161 only $65.99 It#29502

Schumann: Piano Works. With Claudio Arrau. Op. 2, 11, 13, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 26, 28, etc. Philips (6768084). Made in Holland. Text Eng./Ger./Fr. ★★★★★★★★★ 9 LPs not $80 only $59.99 It#29410

Brahms: Complete Chamber Music. With Haas, Grumiaux, Beaux Art Trio, Quartetto Italiano, Ber. Phil. Octet. Good 'ol Philips (6768146). Made in Holland. Text: Eng./Ger./Fr. ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★ 15 LPs not $150 only $79.99 It#29558

Karajan conducts Symphonies. A mighty set of 28 Deutsche Grammophone LPs. The Berlin Philharmonics perform Beethoven 1-9, Brahms 1-4, Mendelssohn 1-5, Mozart 32, 35, 36, 38, 41, Schumann 1-4, Tchaikovsky 1-6. Lavish Deutsche Grammophone edition (2720 104). Made in Germany. 6 booklets Eng./Fr./Ger. 28 LPs in 6 volume boxes in 1 slip-case. ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★ 28 LPs not $280 only $189.99 It#29590

Carmina Burana: 33 Songs from the Orig. Manuscript ca. 1300. Fore-fore-fore fathers' music. Early Music Quartet. Very, very rare Telefunken/Das alte Werk (6.35319). Made in Ger. Text Latin/Eng/Ger. ★★ 2 LPs only $19.99 It#29294

Plainsong: An Anthology of Gregorian Chant. Performed by Plainsong Choir of the Capella Antiqua, Munich. Fabulous Textbook in Latin/Eng/Ger/Fr. Precise MPS -Metronome (88010-4). Made in Germany. ★★★★ 4 LPs not $40 only $24.99 It#29461

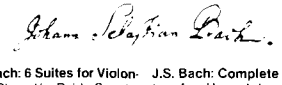
Mozart: Idomeneo. Nicolaus Harnoncourt. DIGITAL Telefunken (6.35547). Made in Ger. ★★★★ 4 LPs not $43.92 only $34.99 It#29584

Telemann: The 300th Birthday Edition. On March 14, Georg Philipp Telemann celebrated his 300th birthday. Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms, Dvorak, Tchaikovsky & Ravel. Philips (6768238). Made in Holland. Text Eng/Fr/Ger. ★★★★★★★★★ 10 LPs only $49.99 It#29587

Telemann: Banquet Music. Complete recording. G. Leonhardt, Concerto Amsterdam, F. Brueggen. Grand Prix du Disque. First rate Telefunken (6.35298). Made in Ger. Text Ger/Eng/Fr. Sumptuous box. ★★★★★★ 6 LPs not $60 only $34.99 It#29295

The Most Beautiful Madrigals, with the Collegium Vocale, Cologne. W. Fromm. CBS Masterworks (79333). Made in Germany. Text Eng/Ger. ★★★ 3 LPs not $30 only $22.99 It#29579

Gustav Mahler: The 9 Symphonies. Sir George Solti conducts London & Chicago Symphonies, Concertgebouw Orch. (Amsterd.). With H. Watts, R. Kollo, Lucia Popp, etc. Long row of awards. Telefunken Decca (6.35230). Made in Germany. Text German. Silver embossed, clothbd. box. ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★ 15 LPs not $150 only $98.99 It#29437



J.S. Bach: 6 Suites for Violoncello. Played by Pablo Casals. Grand Prix du Disque. Rare historical mono recording. EMI/Dacapo (1C14700892/4). Made in Germany. Text: Ger. ★★★ 3 LPs not $30 only $19.99 It#29511

J.S. Bach On the Original Instruments. Collegium Areum plays Brandenburg Concertos 1-6 & Overtures 1-4, as performed in the 18th century. Sought-after EMI/Harmonia Mundi (1C19753000). Made in Germany. Text Ger. ★★★★ 4 LPs not $40 only $19.99 It#29510

Jacques Loussier: Play Bach. "Loussier finally tracked down the swinging common denominator between baroque music and Jazz." (Rheinische Post, Duesseld.) All 5 Play Bach LPs freshly pressed by Telefunken-Decca (6.30115). Made in Germany. A BLUE ANGEL EXCLUSIVE ★★★★★ 5 LPs not $39.90 only $25.99 It#32101

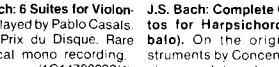
The Beaux Arts Trio plays Piano Trios, Piano Quartets and Piano Quintets by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms, Dvorak, Tchaikovsky & Ravel. Philips (6768238). Made in Holland. Text Eng/Fr/Ger. ★★★★★★★★★ 10 LPs only $49.99 It#29587

The Second Viennese School. "The String Quartets". Arnold Schoenberg, together with his pupils Alban Berg and Anton von Webern created what has gone down in history as the "Second Viennese School". The String Quartets performed by the LaSalle Quartet earned any award you can think of: Grand Prix du Disque, prix Mondial Montreux, Record Academy Prize, Edison etc. Sought-after Deutsche Grammophone (2720 029). Textbook Eng./Fr./Ger. Made in Germany. ★★★★★ 5 LPs only $49.99. It#29474

Schubert: The String Quartets. Melos Quartet, Stuttgart. Deutsche Grammoph. (2740123). Made in Germany. Text Engl./Ger./Fr. ★★★★★★★ 7 LPs List $62 only $49.99 It#29475

Concentus Musicus: N. Harnoncourt & Ensemble. Haydn, Purcell, Telemann, Biber, Muffat, Schmelzer, Legrenzi, Fux; instrumental music from 16th cent. Fr., Engl., Italy & Ger. Metronome/Amadeo (189003-7). Made in Germany. Text Ger. ★★★★★★★ 7 LPs only $29.99 It#29085

Harasiewicz plays Chopin. Collegium Musicum: "Harasiewicz is presently considered the top interpreter of Chopin, and this record is in big demand." Grand Prix Chopin. Philips (6747017). Made in Holland. Text Eng./Fr./Ger. ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★ 14 LPs not $125 only $59.99 It#29157



J.S. Bach: Complete Concertos for Harpsichord (cembalo). On the original instruments by Concentus Musicus and Leonhardt Consort. (A new gem for the seemingly insatiable Original Instrument lovers amongst our friends.) Beautiful Telefunken/Das Alte Werk edition (6.35049). Made in Ger. Txtbk Eng./Fr./Ger. Edison Award. ★★★★★ 5 LPs not $50 only $29.99. It#29524

Bach: Complete Organ Works. Lionel Rogg. Considered by Grammophone Mag. to be the ultimate collection. EMI/Electrola (1C19714101/20). Made in Germany. Text Ger. ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★ 20 LPs not $179 only $79.99 It#29300

Bach: Brandenburg Concertos 1-6. On the orig. instrum. with orig. orchestration. Concentus Musicus, Harnoncourt. Grand Prix du Disque. Telefunken/Das Alte Werk (635043). Made in Ger. Text Eng./Ger./Fr ★★ 2 LPs $17.99 It#29205

Beethoven: Complete Symphonies. Gewandhausorch. Leipzig, Franz Konwitschny. With T. Adam, I. Wenglor, U. Zollenkopf etc. Radio Bremen: "Beethoven like he has not been in a long time." Fontana (K71BA600). Made in Holland. Text German. ★★★★★★ 6 LPs not $54 only $24.99 It#29213

Beethoven: Complete Piano Sonatas. Fried. Gulda. Award-winner. Metronome/Amadeo (89007/11). Made in Ger. Text Ger. ★★★★★★★★★★ 11 LPs only $39.99 It#29427

Beethoven: The 5 Piano Concertos & Choral Fantasia, Op. 80. New Philha. Orch. London. Barenboim & Klemperer. John Alldis Choir. Grand Prix du Disque. Edison. EMI/Electrola (1C19701890/93). Made in Ger. Text Ger. ★★★★ 4 LPs not $35 only $19.99 It#29249

Beethoven: The String Quartets. Juilliard Quartet. R. Mann, C. Adam, etc. CBS Masterworks (GM 101). Made in Ger. Text Eng./Ger./Fr. ★★★★★★ 10 LPs not $71 only $49.99 It#29307

Klemperer Conducts Beethoven. Complete: 9 Symph, Missa Solemnis, Fidelio, 5 concertos for Piano & Orch. Leonore Overtures etc., etc. With Barenboim, Menuhin, Nilsson et al. EMI/Electrola (1C19753400/19). Made in Germany. Text Ger. BLUE ANGEL EXCLUSIVE. ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★ 20 LPs only $79.99 (!) It#29401

Beethoven: 9 Symphonies. 1977 Berlin. Phil. H. v. Karajan, Tomowa-Sintow, Schreier, etc. Deutsche Grammo. (2740172). Made in Germany. Text Ger. ★★★★★★★★ 8 LPs List $71 only $59.99 It#29422

Paganini: 6 Concertos for Violin & Orch. With Salvatore Accardo who "was able to read a score even before he could read or write": Charles Dutoit & London Phil. Top-qual. Deut. Gram. (2740121). Made in Ger. Text: Ger/Eng/Fr/Ital. ★★★★★ 5 LPs not $50 only $39.99 It#29470

Handel: Works for Orchestra & Concertos. Complete Concerti Grossi op. 3 & 6, 16 Organ Concertos, Water Music, Royal Fireworks Music for Ballet, Oboe conc. etc. Academy of St. Martin, con. N. Marriner. Telefunken/Decca (6.35381). Made in Germany. Text Ger. ★★★★★★★★★★ 11 LPs not $98 only $75.99 It#29436

Handel: 16 Concerti for Organ & Orch. Lionel Rogg on the organ of St. Michel. Fine EMI/Electrola (1C16314051/54). Made in Ger. Text Eng./Ger. ★★★★ 4 LPs not $40 only $19.99 It#29248

The Best Piano Concertos. Beethoven #3, 4, 5. Mozart #8, 20, 21, 23, 26, 27. Chopin 1, 2. Grieg Op. 16. Schumann Op. 54. Brahms 1, 2. Liszt 1, 2. Tchai. #1. Rach. #1, 2, 4. Ravel, etc. Barenboim, Arrau, Weissenberg, Richter, etc. EMI/Electrola (1C19753680/94). Made in Ger. Text Ger. ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★ 15 LPs only $65.99 It#29505

The World of Symphony. Probably the largest single collection of records that has *ever been offered in the U.S.A.* An exclusive 91 record set in 5 collector boxes. The complete symphonies of Beethoven, Mozart, Bruckner, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, Sibelius, Mahler, Dvorak, Bartholdy, Schumann, Schubert. And the best of Haydn. Conductors: Abbado, Jochum, Boehm, Kubelik, Karajan. Orig. Deutsche Gram., (stamped, dated poly-lined sleeves). Made in Germany. Throughout Stereo. A heavy (31 lbs) bargain: 91 LPs not $900 only $379. It#29308

Brahms: Complete Symphonies, Acad. Festival & Tragic *Overtures Op. 80 + 81.* Phil. Orch. London, Klemperer. EMI/Electrola (1C19750034/7). Md in Germany. Text German. ★★★★ 4 LPs not $35 only $16.99 It#29131

Svjatoslav Richter: Famous Russian Piano Concertos Tchaik. No. 1, Rimsky-Korsakov Op. 30, Rachmaninov 1 & 2, Prokoviev No. 1, Glazunov No. 1, Leningrad Phil., Moscow Sym. and TV Sym. Orch. with Sanderling, Mrawinskij and Kondraschin. Recorded in the USSR. Made in Germ by Melodia-Eurodisc (89 831 XGK) Text Germ. ★★★ 3 LPs not $30 only $24.99

W.A. Mozart: The most beautiful Serenades. Eine kleine Nachtmusik (Berlin Phil. Karajan.); Haffner Serenade. Colloredo Serenade (Y. Menuhin, Bath Fest.); Posthorn Serenade, Serenata notturna (Consortium Musicum). EMI/Electrola (1C153-52345/47). Made in Germany. Text in Eng./Ger. 3 LPs not $27 only $19.99. It#29250

Mozart: Wind Concertos. Bassoon B Maj; Flute No 1 G Maj; Clarinette A Maj; Oboe C Maj; Flute, Harp & Orch. C Maj; etc. Herbert v. Karajan cond. Berlin Philharmonics. EMI/Electrola (1C19702238/40). Made in Germany. Text Ger. ★★★ 3 LPs not $26 only $19.99 It#29369

Klemperer Conducts Mozart. Complete: Cosi fan tutte, Nozze di Figaro, Magic Flute etc. Sym. No. 25, 29, 31, 33-41 etc. etc. Philharmonia & New Phil. London Wind Ens., etc. EMI/Electrola (1C19753714/38). Made in Ger. Text Ger. BLUE ANGEL EXCLUSIVE. ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★ 25 LPs only $95.99 It#29500

Mozart: Complete Piano Concertos. Daniel Barenboim & the English Chamber Orch. Cited as being a masterwork by a still young interpreter. EMI/Electrola (1C19752249/60). Made in Germany. Text Eng./Ger. ★★★★★★★★★★★★ 12 LPs not $107 only $49.99 It#29231

Mozart: Symphonies 1-41. Berlin Phil. cond. by Karl Boehm. Deutsche Grammo. (2720044). Made in Germany. Text Eng./Fr./Ger. ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★ 15 LPs not $134 only $95.99 It#29397

Mozart: Complete Violin Concertos. Bath Festival Orch. Y. Menuhin cond. & plays. EMI/Electrola (1C15352341/44). Made in Germany. Text Ger. ★★★★ 4 LPs not $35 only $19.99 It#29347

The Cream Collection. A piece of musical history: the orig. Cream recordings. Fresh Cream. Live Cream I. Live Cream II. Wheels of Fire (2 recs.). Disraeli Gears. Goodbye. Original covers in a beautiful box. RSO 2658 142. Made in Germ. by Deutsche Grammophone. ★★★★★★★ 7 LPs not $49.88 only $44.99. It#24214

Rolling Stones Story: The good old Decca times. Stones 1. Around & ar. Stones 2. Out of our heads. Aftermath. Got live if you want. Satanic Majesty. Beggar's Banq. Let it Bleed. Ya-yas Out. Metamorphosis. Btw. The Buttons. 2 historical Mono LPs. Telefunken/Decca (6.30118). Made in Germany. ★★★★★★★★★★ 12 LPs not $95 only $74.99 It#24213

12 Orig. Hendrix LPs. Orig. covers (inc. Ladyland). Are you experienced. Bold as love. Band of Gypsies. Isle of Wight. Cry of love. West, War Heroes. Midnight Lightning. Crash Landing. Blues End. Ladyland. Plus rare single. Book 'Polydor (2625038). *Made in Germany.* ★★★★★★★★★★★★ 12 LPs not $95 only $85.99 It#23947

All orig. Beatles LPs. No overlaps. Collector's item: Orig. albums as released in England, orig. covers! Pls. Please Me. With Hard Day's Night. For Sale. Help. Rubber Soul. Revolver. Sgt. Pepper. White Album (2 LP). Yellow Sub. Abbey road. Let It Be. Rarities. EMI. Made in Holland. Gold-embossed box, very limited stock! ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★ 14 LPs not $111 only $99.99 It#23392

Verve Jazz Box: A *hommage* to one of the most important Jazz labels and to one of the best Jazz producers, Norman Granz. A collection of Jazz heavies from the beginnings to now. On 1 LP side each. A history of Jazz in a bittersweet chocolate brown box. Gold-printed booklet. Verve 2625011. ★★★★★★★★★★ 10 LPs not $80. only $49.99 It#32100

Dinu Lipatti. (The James Dean of Classical Music.) Selected Works from Bach, Brahms, Chopin, Enescu, Grieg, Liszt, Mozart, Ravel, Schubert, Schumann & Scarlatti. Important hist. *Mono rec.* EMI/Electrola (1C19753780/86). Made in Ger. Text Germ. ★★★★★★★ 7 LPs only $29.99 It#29554

Call Toll Free: (800) 446-7964

Virginians, pls. call (804) 293-5197. We are here from 9 - 5 EST. Ask for Bambi, or leave a message.

Okay, folks, I'll give you a try!

Quant.	Of Item#.	$ each.

Quantities are limited. Add $3 for post&hdlg. VA residents add 4% sales tax. 10 day money back guarantee for unplayed records.

FOREIGN ORDERS: Visa/MC, Intl. money order or cashier's check in U.S. funds only. Add 10% for p&h, $7.50 minimum.

( ) I have enclosed check/money order for $____ (allow 3 weeks for personal checks). ( ) Send it C.O.D. I will pay add. post & here's $10 as a deposit.

( ) Charge it to my ( ) MC ( ) Visa (fast delivery!).

Card#_____

Exp._____ Sign._____

Name (print)

Address

City State Zip

Telephone (just in case)

( ) Please send me your catalogue.

Blue Angel, Inc. 1738 Allied St. Charlottesville, VA 22901 TNR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the aisles and return to their seats. He threatens to close down the luncheonettes if the delegates do not behave themselves. Yet despite outward appearances, the delegates are not on a political junket. There is little small talk here, and the intensity of political discussion in the hallways is astonishing.

The delegates are acutely aware of the sentiments of the rank and file and of their accountability to the members. As the congress progresses, representatives of the Warsaw Solidarity Center for Social Studies distribute the latest results from nationwide public opinion surveys conducted less than two weeks ago. Opinion polls have become a familiar trade union tool here, and the delegates learn of the recent views of union members on such issues as self-management, voluntary work on Saturdays, and censorship. Moreover, the structure of the congress is intended to encourage grass-roots discussion. The congress consists of two phases, and before the second phase begins on September 26 delegates will have had two weeks in which to consult with the rank and file at their workplaces before voting for the union's new leadership.

In signing the Gdansk agreements one year ago, the union acknowledged the "leading role" of the Polish Communist party. "Today," notes Zbigniew Bujak, the 27-year-old chairman of Warsaw Solidarity, "we no longer would agree to such a clause." When I last visited Poland four months ago, Lech Walesa told me that Solidarity "will remain a trade union which will demand such things as are legitimately within trade union bounds. . . . We do not want to take responsibility for co-governing." At this congress, however, there is little indication of such caution. Resolution after resolution suggests that the union is about to put itself at the center of the economic and political life of the country. In the view of Dr. Bronislaw Geremek, one of Walesa's closest advisers, "Our country finds its very existence threatened. We are threatened not only by intervention but by a collapse as a result of internal factors." It is this threat of collapse which has resulted in the first salvos of a battle over the nature of the economy and civil society.

THE SOLIDARITY congress is setting the agenda for the union's activity in the coming year. Three issues loom largest on this agenda: worker self-management, access to the mass media, and political democracy. The discussion over reorganizing the economy and implementing worker self-management has come to be dominated by the *Siec* (literally, network)—an ad hoc association of Solidarity leaders at Poland's largest enterprises. Less an organization than a forum for discussion, the *Siec* has produced a major legislative project on self-management.

Organizing committees for self-management—shadow managements, in a sense—are already active in many regions. In the view of one member of Solidarity's national executive committee, "It is important to provide a practical demonstration to the broad public of the necessity for self-management in advance of the time when our turn comes to save the country."

In the view of such left-leaning Solidarity advisers as Jacek Kuron, self-management will be the centerpiece of a new social system, the basis of governmental power. Other union advisers believe that the institutions of self-management will have a more limited scope. "They will provide an institutional guarantee for the independence of individual enterprises and will be a channel for the social mobility of the non-party technical intelligentsia whose advancement has been blocked purely on account of political factors," Ludwik Dorn, a Warsaw-based sociologist, told me.

Pressure to win access to the mass media is also a vital consideration. The emergence of Solidarity's own newspapers has broken the government's monopoly on information. This has resulted in more honest reporting by official organs. "When we initiated a daily newsletter in Warsaw, attacks against us in the local press substantially decreased," trade union leader Bujak observed. "We must be treated as a partner who has in his hands the same rights, the same mechanisms of defense as the other side. Once we have gained access to radio and television, the effect of government propaganda will be nil."

SOLIDARITY has likewise called for open elections to the local and national government. But this push for broader freedoms should not be viewed as an attempt to seize total power. Rather, its purpose is to strengthen the government apparatus—a strengthening that cannot take place, however, without a restructuring and opening up of that apparatus. Poland has begun to fulfill Marx's prediction of the withering away of the state; the irony is that Solidarity is finding it can't get along without one. In the view of Adam Michnik, a young historian and founder of the Workers' Defense Committee, "The government apparatus is without power. It is a paper tiger. The government has no means for implementing its decisions. What we need to do is to create a situation in which the trade union is able to deal with a real partner." Government officials, especially at the middle and lower levels, are indecisive and feckless. Only when the government is strong enough to carry through the agreements it reaches with the union will Solidarity be able to return to more traditional trade union concerns.

The delegates to the Gdansk congress are mapping a strategy that has revolutionary implications for the entire Soviet bloc and for the world. Yet these men and women are hardly the sort of rabid revolutionaries who would be hell-bent on fomenting disorder. Most of the delegates were not even strike leaders in the events of July and August 1980; indeed, many of the early strike leaders have lost their places to more cautious types. An analysis of the social composition of the Warsaw delegation shows that the delegates, for the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most part, come from remarkably stable backgrounds. Over 80 percent of them have families. Most have worked in the same place for more than five years, are better educated than the members they represent, and work near their homes. Women are underrepresented (45 percent of the membership but only 18 percent of Warsaw's delegates are women), and there is an overrepresentation of the technical intelligentsia, lower-level managers, and people between the ages of 25 and 40 (those who grew up after the Stalin era). "These are not factory revolutionaries," notes sociologist Ludwik Dorn. "They are stabilized workers, members of Poland's middle class."

In the words of Antoni Macierewicz, the director of Warsaw Solidarity's Center for Social Studies, "The Soviet Union is faced with the beginning of the transformation of East and Central Europe. The structure of power which was created by the Russians between 1945 and 1948 has outlived its usefulness. A new formula must be developed." He adds, "I know one thing. If the Poles were left alone, they would be able to create an economically sound and healthy state." It is unclear whether the program which emerges from Gdansk will be able to create such a state. In the absence of any other viable alternative, however, the strategy mapped out by Solidarity's first congress must be viewed as Poland's best and only chance.

ADRIAN KARATNYCKY

Adrian Karatnycky is research director of the A. Philip Randolph Institute and co-author of *Workers' Rights, East and West* (Transaction Books, 1980).

Fearful Europe, fearsome America.

THE ALLIANCE IN ANGST

DESTRUCTIVE and dangerous as they were, the terrorist bombings directed against US military installations and personnel in West Germany can be dismissed as the work of small Communist or anarchist groups without popular following. The violent demonstrations against Alexander Haig in West Berlin were more serious, though, an indication that anti-Americanism, neutralism, and pacifism are spreading rapidly among German youth. John Vinocur of the *New York Times* quoted one student at the demonstrations as saying that "Germany should reach neutralism, let's say like Austria or Finland" and should do so "as soon as possible, otherwise we're not going to survive Reagan." Completely forgotten in the din, Vinocur observed, were the Soviet Union's 400,000 troops stationed in East Germany, "a 20-minute walk from the site of the demonstrations."

Still, 30,000 demonstrators don't constitute much more than a nuisance in a country of 61 million, provided its ruling establishment is set in its mind about where its true interests lie. But in the August 19 *Times* of London, British journalist John Barry tells a disturbing story. The scene is a seminar on European security held at a country house near London. The participants are defense intellectuals: Americans, West Europeans, and one Russian, Professor Mikhail Milshtein, head of the politico-military department of Moscow's Institute of the USA and Canada and also a major general in the Soviet army. According to Barry, the talk at this seminar turned, as it frequently does at such gatherings, to the inadequacies of NATO's nuclear posture. "After a spell of this, it occurred to one of the Americans present, a woman who had been near the top of President Carter's Defense Department, that perhaps Professor General Milshtein was getting the wrong idea. So with all the considerable intellectual force at her command, she proceeded to tell him that he should be in no doubt that NATO would, if necessary, implement its strategy of flexible response, even if it did mean the first use of nuclear weapons in Europe. Her discourse was drowned in protests from the West Germans present. Professor General Milshtein looked on with interest."

The Soviets surely are looking on with interest, too, as allied governments fail to meet their commitments to increase defense spending by three percent per year, as Holland and Belgium back away from the commitment to deploy theater nuclear weapons (NATO's answer to the Soviet Union's 200 in-place SS-20 missiles), and as allied leaders transmit pained reactions to America's decision to construct neutron warheads (the West's counter to the Soviets' four-to-one tank supremacy in Europe). The Soviets can take no comfort from France's decision to deploy neutron warheads and the Socialist government's support for anti-Soviet steadfastness in Europe. At the same time, the Western alliance is at odds on what to do about problems elsewhere in the world. France has recognized the leftist opposition in El Salvador. Most Europeans belittle the Camp David peace process and want to jump quickly to recognition of the Palestine Liberation Organization. The Europeans expect the US to defend their oil supplies in the Persian Gulf, but criticize proposed US strategies for doing so. They have largely forgotten the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, and they tend to consider violence in the third world as the product of "indigenous" factors, even when Cuban, East German, and Soviet advisers are lurking in the vicinity.

In view of all this, can the Western alliance hold together? Two years ago, in a provocative paper delivered at a conference in Brussels sponsored by Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and Interna-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tional Studies, Irving Kristol declared, in essence: forget it. "NATO ceased to be a living reality some years ago," he said; and "sometime in the not too distant future, the appropriate formal funeral services will occur." On one side, he said, the European allies could no longer rely on the US to risk annihilation by using nuclear weapons to repel a Soviet invasion of Europe. On the other side, the Europeans wouldn't defend themselves because over the past 30 years, "the social democratic temper, the inward-turning politics of compassionate reform, has largely replaced the patriotic temper, the politics of national self-assertion."

Kristol predicted that the US would develop a more assertive, nationalistic foreign policy, and that the distance would widen between us and our "risk-aversive" allies, leading to a breakdown of the alliance. The first part of that prediction came true with the election of Ronald Reagan, and nothing that's occurred lately gives any reason to be optimistic about the latter part.

If the 30-year alliance is doomed by inexorable forces of history, its collapse will be something to mourn. But the consequences are dire, and in the meantime Western leaders should resist it with all the imagination and energy they can summon. European leaders have hardly begun to face down the pacifist and neutralist movements in their countries and to explain that if all Western Europe tries to emulate Austria and Finland, then those two countries are likely soon to resemble Poland and Yugoslavia, and there will be nothing to restrain Moscow from forcing Poland and Yugoslavia to behave as East Germany and Czechoslovakia do.

THERE ARE things that the United States, too, must do to hold the alliance together. One is to understand what it is about us that worries the Europeans. Americans jibe that half the time the Europeans are complaining that we are too weak, and the other half that we are too tough. But in fact we do swing from periods of aggressive nationalism to self-abnegating withdrawal. Our involvement in Vietnam, the product of our failure to understand the limits of our power, was followed by post-Vietnam, a period in which guilt and remorse made us reluctant to use any power or to provide adequately for our own security. And now we have an administration declaring that Vietnam was a noble cause whose lesson was that America should not enter wars it does not intend to win—and that America should have won that one.

Thoughtful Europeans are worried that America is in another of its periods of reflexive bellicosity that could lead again to disaster and retrenchment. Ask Defense Secretary Weinberger for a clear explanation of America's military strategy and he gives even sophisticated audiences such as the Council on Foreign Relations the same speech he gives the American Legion. "I have been slightly bemused," he told the council in June, "by the academic debates as to whether we should prepare for one and a half wars or two and a quarter wars. Such artificial assumptions neglect both the risks and opportunities that we might confront. We must be prepared to meet Soviet military power, however it might be used . . . [in] Central Europe, the Persian Gulf, Africa, East Asia, or Central America. We may have to deal with more than one conflict at a time; and we must be able to contend with a conflict in one area without opening up critical vulnerabilities elsewhere." It would sound a bit like John F. Kennedy's inaugural address, if only it were more eloquent.

IN ADDITION to fearing the consequences of super-aggressiveness and overreaching, Europeans also legitimately doubt America's will to stay with the task of repairing the gap between US and Soviet military preparedness. Right now, following the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and the Iranian revolution, polls show that large majorities favor higher defense spending (63 percent, according to the Harris poll this April). But American moods are unpredictable. In 1960, only 18 percent of the population said we spent too much on defense. In 1969, the figure was 52 percent. In 1976, 36 percent. In 1980, 14 percent. Reagan's combination of military increases and tax cuts has Wall Street skeptical and Republican politicians terrified. It isn't just the peaceniks who are calling for defense cutbacks here, and that has to lead to doubts about American tenacity.

In the end, Ronald Reagan's global strategy is a lot like his domestic strategy. Defense increases plus strong words are to be taken as national strength, inspiring friends and daunting foes, much as tax cuts and exhortations to save and invest are supposed to revive the economy. The latter have not convinced Wall Street, and the former so far have not convinced either the Russians or the allies. Reagan had hoped to persuade the Soviets to agree to deep reductions in missile arsenals (the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, SALT, have been renamed Strategic Arms Reduction Talks, START) by demonstrating that the US could conduct an all-out arms race if talks failed. If Congress and Wall Street won't let Reagan engage in an arms race, then the Russians are unlikely to agree to his negotiating terms. If START can't get started, Reagan may have to return to SALT, but that will mean delays and nervous allies. The Young Socialists of West Germany are in the streets, they say, because Reagan opposes arms control. Delays will only add to the trouble.

It should help the Western alliance to have Alexander Haig speaking directly to moderate European opinion, as in Berlin, reminding people that Soviet aggression and military intimidation deserve at least the same indignation as Western mistakes. But it will help more for the Reagan administration to demonstrate that it has a sound strategy and a steady hand.

MORTON KONDRACKE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wilkins dies, Jordan quits, and the movement languishes.

THE END OF THE CIVIL RIGHTS ERA

BY HERBERT DENTON

THE DEATH of Roy Wilkins and the news, coincidentally on the same day, that Vernon Jordan was stepping down as president of the Urban League helped bring sharply into focus the now fairly clean break between the progress and optimism of the civil rights era and a newer, bleaker age. Running through the obituaries and eulogies were waves of nostalgia for that turbulent but in retrospect simpler and more hopeful period when America woke up to the consequences of generations of mistreating blacks and denying their rights. Roy Wilkins, who died at age 80 after devoting 50 years to the movement for civil rights, contributed a great deal to that awakening. He played a large part in the Supreme Court's school desegregation decision of 1954 and later in the landmark legislative victories outlawing racial barriers to voting, public accommodation, and employment. Wilkins, the grandson of a Mississippi slave, was a stubborn man with clear goals and driving conviction. Behind a kindly and unassuming appearance there was a shrewd and skilled player.

Martin Luther King Jr. defined the dream in his moving and unforgettable speech at the march on Washington in 1963. But it was Wilkins who had organized the event. Backstage he and King were rivals, but what seems now of much greater importance is how fate brought the two of them to the stage at the same time and what a remarkable combination they made. Wilkins's death and burial somehow make it easier to see that time as history, a glorious past of big gains and long strides, an album of photographs of marches and White House summits now relegated to the obituary pages. The era has ended. It has probably been over for some time.

If you still harbor doubts, go see Vernon Jordan, who, at age 46, will now exchange the life of struggle for the more comfortable, less demanding life of a lawyer in Robert Strauss's firm. The organization he leaves behind is on the rim of a financial abyss. The years have been grueling and frustrating for him and for the other bright-eyed, ambitious young men in the second rank of march in the old photographs. This later generation of civil rights leaders invoked the familiar rhetoric and tried to keep the old goals alive. But the economy declined, the climate sharply turned conservative, and many whites, including large numbers of former liberals and allies, began to suggest elliptically that race was no longer an obstacle and that perhaps the rest was up to blacks themselves. Just below the surface, the attitude has become: pull your socks up. Quit whining. Don't have so many babies.

There was fleeting satisfaction when the hard-won right to vote made the difference in the election of Jimmy Carter. Hands that picked cotton did help pick a president, as the movement slogans had prophesied. But Carter could never quite live up to the hopes and emotions that blacks invested in him, and then Ronald Reagan came in and changed the nation's rules and goals virtually overnight.

The gains of the passing era produced unexpectedly mixed results. High school dropout rates ebbed; black college enrollment reached proportionately the same level as that of white youth. From there they emerged to join the swelling ranks of the black middle class. But three out of five blacks who languished in poverty in the 1960s did not rise out. They remain stuck in the mire of bad schools, bad housing, meager opportunity, and, still, discrimination. Social barriers have lowered significantly for the black middle class. But no one can argue that the poor black youth with the rhythms of the streets in his voice and step does not face instant negative prejudgments about his character and ability whenever he goes into the larger society. These youths are hurt and resentful at being left out. They are remote from and suspicious of the civil rights spokesmen: the rioters in Miami during the spring of 1980 jeered Andrew Young and anybody else, black or white, who wore a suit.

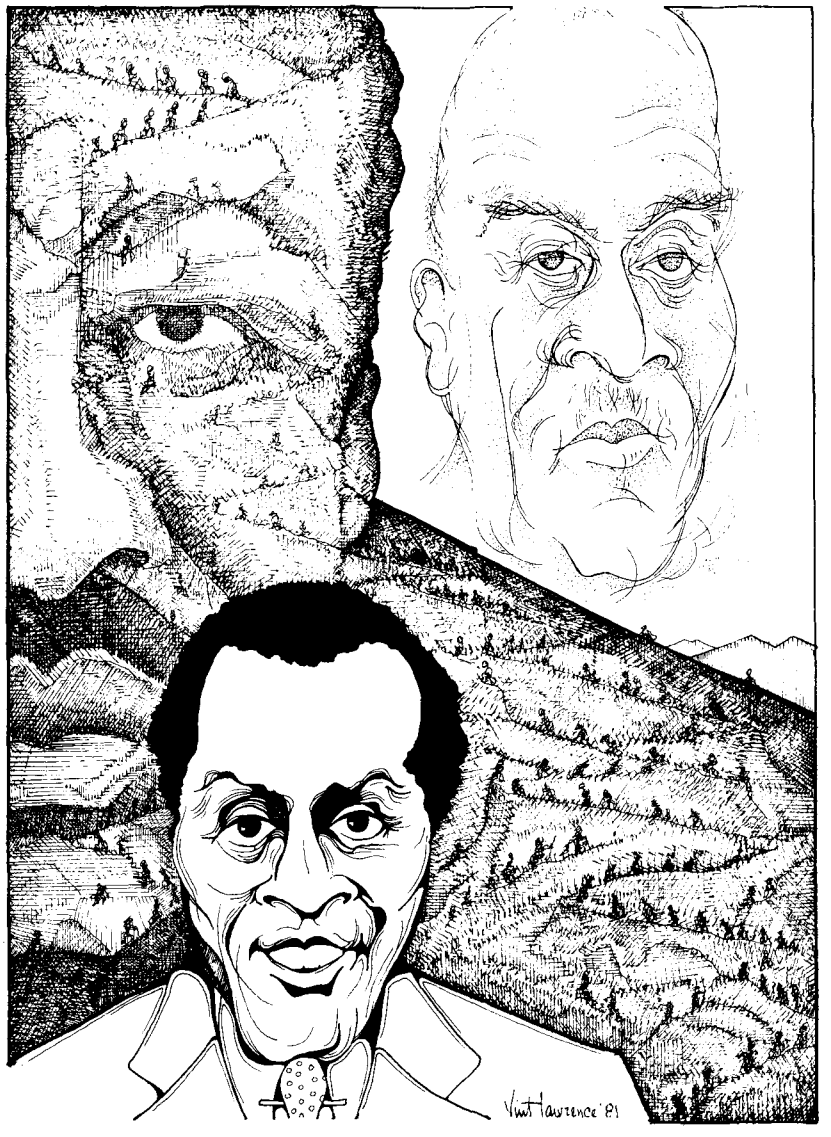
There is much cruelly uncomprehending talk these days about a permanent "underclass" never likely to pull itself out of poverty. Crime, drugs, and alcohol are indeed scourges of the ghetto, but that is only part of a complex story. On a block in the slums of downtown Washington, heroin addicts flock all week long to the neighborhood shooting gallery. But on Sundays, on the same block, the churchgoing folks in their best suits and dresses and big, wide-brimmed hats are the ones who fill the sidewalks. It is not hard to find families in the slums with one son in reform school and

Herbert Denton is a reporter on the national staff of the *Washington Post*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the other on the honor roll. What is difficult to find are role models of those who made it, now that the middle class has left for the suburbs. And there are no leaders dispensing good practical advice on how to scrimp, save, and stretch a scanty income or advising teenagers in the throes of first love that it is better to wait, finish school, and get a job before having children.

The young black middle class also regards the civil rights leaders with dissatisfaction. When *Black Enterprise*, a slick magazine successfully appealing to this new generation of young black professionals, polled its readers last year, it found a strong yearning among them for a black leader in the image of Martin Luther King. Andrew Young and Jesse Jackson were the most highly regarded spokesmen currently on the scene, but fewer than one in three readers polled saw them as speaking for the aspirations of blacks in America today. Jordan and Benjamin Hooks, Wilkins's successor at the NAACP, were chosen by only one in ten.



Inflation and the faltering economy have had especially severe effects upon blacks, particularly the young coming out of high school to a world where half their peers are on the corner, out of work. It is a measure of the cynicism of the times that there has been less concern for what is happening to them than fear that they will eventually explode in anger. Civil rights leaders have not hesitated to contribute to that fear by going before TV cameras, somberly warning of the fire next time.

The cuts in federal funding for housing, food stamps, medical care, and other social programs are certain to bring further pain to the slums. The new black middle class will be hurt, too. Disproportionate numbers of middle-class blacks are employed in government agencies and in service organizations like the Urban League, and many of them are being laid off because of federal cutbacks. The reports have already begun filtering up from the south of black youngsters turned away from colleges because they are no longer eligible for government loans and grants.

Last July, in what turned out to be his swan song with the Urban League, Jordan invited Vice President Bush and a parade of Reagan cabinet officers to speak to his convention in Washington. He asked them to explain how the poor were to get by after the cuts were made and before the promised economic recovery takes place. They danced around the question. And when the same question was put to Jordan privately, he could not answer it either. He said it was a great source of anguish to him that he could not fully predict just how deep the effect would be once the arithmetic was done and the more meager checks went out to the country.

One place the cuts will unquestionably be felt deeply is at the Urban League, which received more than $110 million in federal grants and contracts in the last year of the Carter presidency. The League stands to lose 80 percent of this funding when the grants run out a month from now. Building on precedents his predecessor, Whitney Young, had established during the Nixon administration, Jordan took the League wholesale into the business of contracting with the federal government to run job training programs. He contended that the government benefited from the arrangement because the League was uniquely placed to reach the unskilled and out of work. The League benefited too. It got a slice off the top of contracts for overhead expenses that it could

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

use for general administrative operations.

Jesse Jackson was shown on "60 Minutes" speaking to black youth about the need for hard work and diligent effort, and he too got government money to try to turn the speech into a program. Now, those grants are being terminated. The grants, which were similar to ones awarded labor, consulting firms, and civic organizations flowed during both Democratic and Republican administrations, notwithstanding the civil rights leaders' heavy criticism of whoever was in the White House at the time.

JACKSON, with little in the way of organization and tradition behind him, became the dominant civil rights spokesmen on the airwaves and in newspapers and magazines. And Jordan, tall, smooth, and suave, became the movement's ambassador to the establishment, a man of the boardrooms and the rarefied world of power and money. In announcing the other day his intention to leave at the end of the year, he said simply it was time for change, both for his own sake and for the Urban League's. He was critically wounded by a sniper's bullet last year but he looked robust when he announced his resignation, and said that health was not the reason for his departure. He made no large claims for having changed significantly the course of the civil rights movement. The praise of friends and Urban League board members at his leave-taking was similarly modest. They commended him for his ability to raise contributions from big corporate donors, for his tightening of management of the organization, and for helping to achieve a loose coalition among often feuding civil rights leaders.

The names being mentioned as possible successors to Jordan include his deputy, John Jacobs; Washington lawyer Ronald Brown; outgoing Atlanta mayor Maynard Jackson; and former Health, Education and Welfare secretary Patricia Harris.

To fulfill its historic mission, what the Urban League needs, above all, is a creative leader who can formulate and sell a *national* economic program that would offer hope of lifting the urban poor—black and white alike—out of their poverty. But the League's own organizational imperatives demand a different priority: fundraising. The League feels it must find someone whose contacts and acceptability to big corporate contributors can bring the organization through its financial crisis. By betting on the government as the big donor, the Urban League risked, and now stands to lose, nearly everything. Perhaps it will find more reliable sources of funding in the corporate world. But that in itself is not likely to bring it closer to the people it claims to serve.

The NAACP, by contrast, for the most part shunned federal grants. Its board is still influenced heavily by veterans of the early civil rights wars of the 1930s and 1940s, who keenly remember times when government as often as not was the adversary. But in other ways the NAACP has also fallen on hard times. Its membership is declining, the remaining stalwarts are aging, its financial problems are growing. The network of local chapters, once the heart of the organization, is far less potent than it once was. Wilkins did not groom a successor, but stubbornly held onto the reins until he was less than gently prevailed upon to retire in 1977. His successor, Hooks, beset by conflict with the board, has attained neither the clout nor the stature that Wilkins had.

The NAACP is weak at the top. But compared to the other civil rights groups it is still strong at the bottom. Jesse Jackson's constituency is the media; the Urban League's has been the government and, if its plans work out, will be the corporations. The NAACP still draws its funding—and, therefore, its strength—from a broad base of dues-paying members. If it can solve its leadership problems, this oldest and most traditional of civil rights organizations will be in far better position than any of its allies to cope with the realities of the harsh, unglamorous new era.

A story told in the *Washington Post* by writer and lawyer Roger Wilkins, the NAACP leader's nephew, brought back memories of a similarly unglamorous period in the 1930s. Roy Wilkins, then the NAACP assistant director, and Thurgood Marshall, the organization's lawyer, dressed up as sharecroppers to examine conditions on plantations in Mississippi. As they were winding up their investigation, their cover was blown when a white storekeeper noticed Wilkins's long, graceful hands, clearly not the hands of a field worker. "Come on, Roy," said Marshall, "let's get the hell out of here."

It's hard to imagine Jordan or any of the others in the current generation of civil rights leaders donning a sharecropper's coveralls, and it is arguable whether they should. But it would seem that to begin recapturing their former effectiveness, they must first get back in touch with the people whose voice they hope to be and whose support has fallen away. Perhaps it is time again for the kind of plodding, detailed, and unglamorous work on which Roy Wilkins once built a movement.

COMING

Michael Kinsley on TV licenses.

•

Jeff Stein on Ed Meese.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Intimations of a Sagebrush Thermidor.

JIM WATT'S WYOMING

BY CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

Kemmerer, Wyoming

SECRETARY of the Interior James Watt is arguably the most controversial member of a presidential cabinet since Dean Acheson. Not since Acheson has the head of a federal department provoked such passionate antagonism on the one hand, such triumphant delight on the other. Secretaries of state, of course, are always provocative; not so secretaries of the interior, whose profiles have generally been as low as the Great Plains.

Watt has managed to personalize every issue with which he is entangled, and that, in combination with his iconoclastic land-use policies, largely accounts for his enormous resonance. For Watt everything is "us versus them": developers versus treehuggers, oilmen versus birdwatchers, producers versus nonproducers, regular guys versus elitists, westerners versus easterners. He has been particularly adept at publicizing the conflict between the eastern and western halves of the country. He has skillfully manipulated the clichés imposed on the public by a decade's talk of how the redblooded and hotheaded west and southwest are usurping the east's demographic, economic, and political base. Watt has taken the Sun Belt talk and the New West talk and has compounded it with the glamorous-sounding Sagebrush Rebellion—whereby the western states are demanding that the federal government cede to them its vast land holdings within their borders—to create the impression of a west that is unified in its commitment to economic progress, land and resource development, the philosophy of Big Is Beautiful, and hence the new policies adumbrated by the reconstituted Department of the Interior. It is a nice act, pitting ranchers, roughnecks, and miners against environmentalists and backpackers. No one ever made a Western in which the Sierra Club rode out in a posse, armed with six-shooters. America is not over the cowboy mystique, and whatever rough stuff westerners pull provokes a sympathetic throb in the gut of many easterners. "Us cowboys," Watt—a native of Wheatland, Wyoming—is telling the country, "has to live *free*." It's kind of a thrill to be on the end—even the wrong end—of John Wayne's shootin' iron.

Out here in Watt's home state the picture does not appear so simplified. Watt's west is a politically stark region, where light and dark stand out boldly and in contrast. His westerners are straightforward, uncomplicated types who know their minds. Like their pioneering ancestors, who were willing to risk all to get rich quick in gold and silver mines, furs, and livestock, they are firmly development-minded; economic boom may be the future of the region but it is also its past—an old story, a famous chapter in history. To Watt and his admirers this means the west is coming into its prime; to other westerners, it means that the west is growing old and cannot sustain the exuberance and strains of its youth. As yet this attitude is only a quickening; it may be trampled by the hungry hordes of new pioneers stampeding into the western states, or it may be aroused further by them. In any case, another generation or two will tell.

Jim Watt need not overstate his support in Wyoming: it is considerable. The state's all-Republican congressional delegation has fallen in behind him: Senators Malcolm Wallop and Alan Simpson—both possessors of respectable environmental credentials—have resolutely defended him, and so has Representative Dick Cheney. The Wyoming Rural Electrical Association and the Wyoming Farm Bureau have praised Watt. The Jackson Hole Chamber of Commerce has given him a vote of confidence. The Wyoming Mining Association is delighted with him. A group called Outdoors Unlimited—an association of mining, timber, and livestock interests, plus four-wheel-drive and snowmobile enthusiasts—is drumming up support for him. Even Governor Ed Herschler, a Democrat in this heavily Republican state, is a moderate supporter. "There are some Democrats in Wyoming," he told me, "looking for a chance to criticize the Reagan administration, but I'm not sure Watt is the man they should be leaning on. I'm very interested in preserving the environment but I still think there's a place in Wyoming for industrial growth, providing it's on our terms. I think Watt should be given at least a chance."

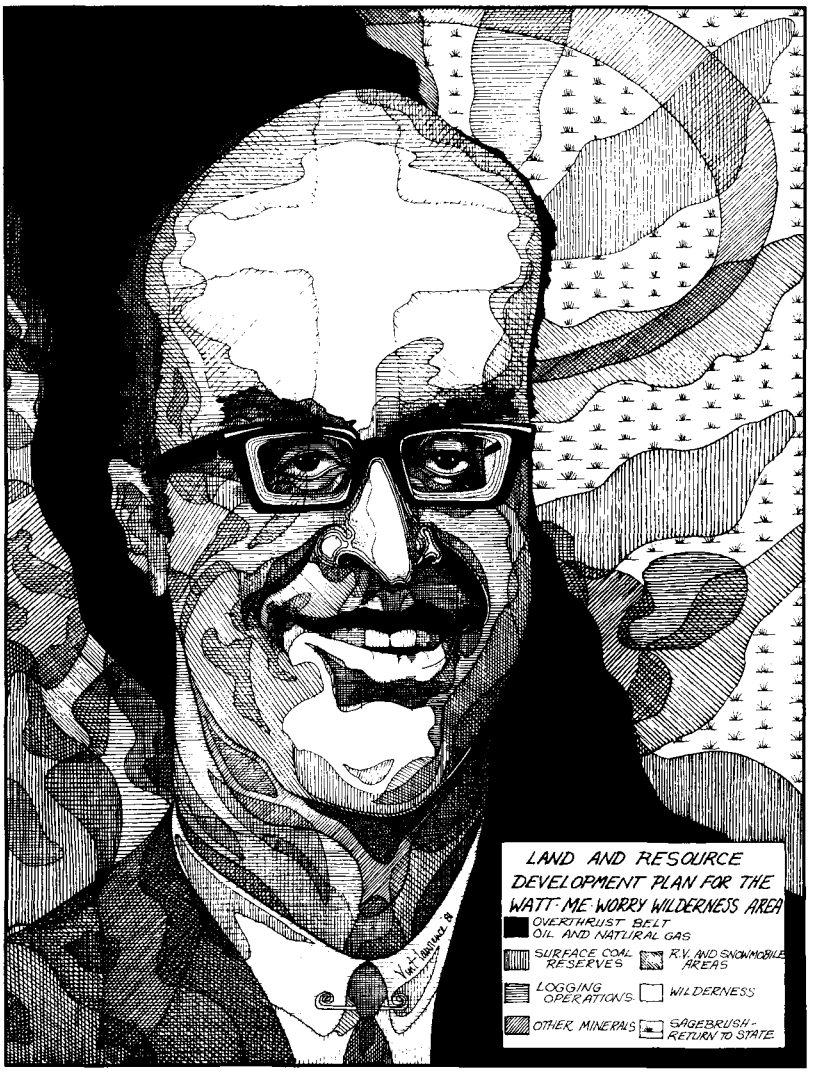
So far there is little organized opposition to Watt inside Wyoming. In part this is because the state legis-

---

Chilton Williamson Jr. is books, arts, and manners editor at *National Review* and the author of *Saltbound: A Block Island Winter*. His new book, *Roughnecking It*, will be published next spring by Simon & Schuster.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lature was in adjournment during much of the summer while Watt was grabbing headlines; in part because, although his utterances have alarmed a lot of people, he has actually *done* very little in his eight months in office. His most direct actions have been chiefly statements of intent. Watt has announced that he will not acquire more lands for the national parks; and he has suggested that restricted areas of existing parks be opened to snowmobiles, powerboats, and four-wheel-drive vehicles. He has stated that he will accelerate the leasing of federal lands to energy companies, and that he will cast a cold eye on existing and proposed wilderness designations. In June he created a furor by his direct attack on the main offices of the federal Office of Surface Mining in Denver, trimming the staff and announcing that the rump would reopen in September in Casper, Wyoming. Watt insisted that he was just making the OSM more effective, but skeptics concluded that he intended the opposite. In any case he reaped a political windfall in Wyoming. Governor Ed Herschler, who had gone on record as wishing that the entire OSM could be removed to "Lower Slobbovia," was delighted, and so was the Wyoming Mining Association.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR *THE NEW REPUBLIC*

The only organized opposition to Watt in Wyoming, in fact, is offered by the environmentalists. I found Phil Hocker, a Jackson architect who serves as the Sierra Club's state representative, and Bruce Hamilton, the club's northern plains representative and the former editor of a small but distinguished environmentalist paper called *High Country News*, busy with the Sierra's recall petition, circulated nationally and demanding the removal of James Watt. Hocker's regard for Watt recalls Robert Kennedy's for Jimmy Hoffa. Hocker, unsurprisingly, finds sentiment in the state to be considerably more sympathetic to environmental concerns than the views of elected officials would suggest. Hamilton agrees. "Watt," he said, "claims to speak for westerners but comes up with policies that are good for big business and are opposed to the interests of ordinary people. I've found tremendous receptivity all over the state to the petition. People come up to me and ask for copies of it they can take away for their friends. If Jim Watt were the kind of hometown boy he claims to be I don't think I'd get that kind of reaction."

On the other hand, not even the environmentalists are of one mind, as I discovered when I spoke with Bob Rogers of the Wyoming Wildlife Federation. Rogers, a conservative Republican from California who once worked for the *Los Angeles Times*, described himself as a "moderate supporter" of Watt. "I'm not bothered too much by him," he said. "He's got to go by congressional rules—he can shift OSM around but he won't affect environmental matters much. That's not to say I couldn't *get* concerned. But a lot of us here in Wyoming don't want to see progress stopped, we want to see it controlled."

The pro-Watt and the anti-Watt people both claim to represent majority opinion, however inchoate, within the state. "No, we don't have a strong environmentalist constituency in Wyoming," Marlene Simons told me firmly. "Not at all. We're going for production." Mrs. Simons is a second-term Republican legislator from Crook County, where she and her husband own a ranch. She is also president of Outdoors Unlimited, which has circulated a petition countering the Sierra Club's. Mrs. Simons is a handsome woman with cowgirl good looks and a manner like a genial buzz saw. She states all her opinions with assurance. "The government's attitude," she continued, "has been 'Lock up, lock out, and forget it,' and that's got to change if this country is going to survive. We didn't

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

travel west in covered wagons 100 years ago to be locked out of our resources."

But Charlie Scott of Natrona County, like Mrs. Simons a rancher and a conservative Republican legislator, emphatically disagrees. Earlier this year he broke with the overwhelming majority of the state legislature to vote against committing Wyoming to the Sagebrush Rebellion. "Watt," Scott said, when I located him in Casper, "is very popular here with a certain segment of the population—a minority, I think. There is a strong environmentalist base in the state and I think that some of the things local environmentalists have been pushing, like the industrial siting act, are pretty much the accepted way of thinking here. Also, a lot of environmentalists in this state are conservative Republicans: that's the constituency that voted for Malcolm Wallop for state senator in 1972 and for US senator in 1976. The reason we have a Democratic governor today is because of the environmentalist constituency. I don't know whether Ed Herschler's an environmentalist or not, but he's a very, very shrewd politician and he's taken the right positions. . . . The trouble with Watt is that in terms of public relations he's been god-awful. But the environmentalists have jumped the gun on this one. As far as I can see, he hasn't done that much yet. The balance had swung too far in the opposite direction, and Watt's trying to redress it. The question is whether he can make the transition from advocate to official. If he can't, then we're in real trouble. As it is, I think Wallop had better start putting some distance between himself and Jim Watt."

DICK PUGH, a Democratic state legislator from Green River, in (relatively) industrialized Sweetwater County, was somewhat less confident than Scott of an environmentalist majority, but he was not pessimistic. Sweetwater County was one of the earliest counties in the state to feel the impact of the 1970s energy boom; the populations of Rock Springs and Green River doubled in a couple of years, and Rock Springs in particular achieved a national reputation as a western "sin city" and all-around distopia.

Pugh has concluded that Watt has accelerated dangerous tendencies within the state, and thinks the secretary should be removed from office. He also thinks Watt enjoys pretty firm support right now in the state. The mining and development interests love him, and most of the new people Wyoming is attracting are employed by energy companies. "I think the bright side is in the long run," Pugh said. "Wyoming people do get out into the state and see what's going on in the environment. I think if Watt made a tour of western Wyoming and his policies got across to people, he'd find more opposition than he expects. Once what Watt's doing hits home out here, there's going to be a collective backlash. I think people like Watt don't really understand how deeply ingrained wilderness and the outdoors are in the Wyoming psyche."

Pugh is a miner, with Texasgulf, as well as a legislator. The miners he works with are angered by the threat that oil and gas development pose to hunting and fishing. The people of Sweetwater County, he is convinced, would never go for the Sagebrush Rebellion. To support this opinion Pugh cited a public opinion poll recently released by a company in Phoenix showing that 56 percent of westerners are opposed to the rebellion, however their elected officials may vote. Their suspicion is that the state government, once the federal lands were ceded to them, would promptly sell them off to private companies, which *really* know how to lock up and lock out.

WYOMING, which is really a town of 470,000 people spread around over 97,203 square miles, has one statewide newspaper, the *Casper Star-Tribune*. It is currently edited by a youngish, sophisticated man named Richard High. The *Star-Tribune* has been increasingly critical of James Watt, and when I called Dick High I found him quite ready to talk about the interior secretary. "I think in a general sense he falls in the main course of Wyoming public opinion," High said. "But I think he's right on the edge of it, he's on the verge of what's acceptable. If he moves much further he's out of it. Wyoming wants development, but it doesn't want the state wrecked, and people can't believe he's to be trusted. I don't think there's much quarrel with the idea that we have to develop our resources—it's a question of means, and here I think is where people in Wyoming have started to question Watt. He's not sensitive to the Wyoming man's feeling for the land, the country—to the misgivings he feels when he looks across the prairie and sees an oil rig that wasn't there before."

High left me with a fascinating outline of a theory he has been developing of the future of the state of Wyoming. The classic pattern of western economic development has been boom followed by bust. High sees, over the next five to ten years, boom followed by superboom—as the state economy becomes grossly swelled by energy money from outside—followed by superbust, when the state has become a social and environmental disaster of such proportions that nobody will come to work here, no matter how good the pay. In short, Dick High harbors a suspicion that Jim Watt takes a rather shortsighted view of development in the West.

The town of Evanston, Wyoming, must be beautiful in the sight of Jim Watt. Oil City, USA, as they call it, has everything to gladden the heart of the secretary of the interior. Evanston sits above an estimated three trillion cubic feet of gas, and God knows how much oil; access roads shoot from it like fracture lines in window glass, making scars on the plain; a score of drilling rigs prick from the folds of sagebrush hills and ride their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crests and flanks. By night they resemble the glittering gantries of Cape Canaveral, or a stand of electric Christmas trees. Six years ago Evanston was a depressed community of 4,500 people. Then, in 1975, Chevron and Amoco began production in the fabulous Overthrust Belt, a geologically tortured zone which passes through southwest Wyoming on its way from Alaska to South America and which contains within its folds some of the major oil and gas finds in recent years. Today Evanston is a boom town of twice that number, and the phone company, Mountain Bell, estimates a population of 40,000 by the end of the decade. As Rock Springs was the symbol of the New West in the early 1970s, so Evanston is today.

Evanston also has rush-hour traffic jams of muddy pickups, a school system swamped by the sudden influx of families, a terrific increase in the incidence of rape. Elderly citizens are being ravaged by the price squeeze. Because the sewage treatment system cannot handle its new burdens, the town is emptying raw sewage directly into the Bear River; and although equally raw housing developments are tumbling their units into the sagebrush, people are paying good money to live in chicken coops, and squatters have taken up residence in old automobiles parked or abandoned far out in the vastness of the surrounding desert.

I PERSONALLY cannot complain. As much as any roughneck or pipeliner, I was drawn into southwest Wyoming by fabulous tales of the energy boom. But they came out to make upward of $10.50 an hour on and around the drilling rigs, and I came to write a book about the New West—and, liking the Old West, found myself a wife (from Tennessee) and settled here. I am just another of the horde of outsiders who are causing severe problems of community impact and harassing further that endangered species, the native Wyomingite.

My adoptive hometown of Kemmerer lies 50 miles north of Evanston and is probably the next town in the overthrust in line for a boom. For 80 years the city fathers, the local merchants, and the boosters have been hungering for just such a boom. Now that it's close enough to touch, Nancy Peternal, wife of a local rancher and herself a former Democratic state representative who occupies a seat on the Lincoln County Commission, is frankly perplexed. "For years," she said, "people's reaction to any kind of growth was, 'Hey, that's great, we need the money.' Now they're not so sure. I was talking to the men on my road crew the other day. They're hardly what you would call environmentalists, but they were asking, 'What's going to be left in ten years of our hunting and fishing, of the kind of life we've always had out here?' Some of the commissioners think I just talk to the crazies, but it isn't true—a *lot* of people think like that."

Recently I drove my Land Cruiser to Ken's 66 Station in Kemmerer for an oil change and lube job. Ken, an avid and accomplished hunter, was sadly contemplating fall deer season. "I just don't know," he said. "The seismographers have pretty well scared away all the game. They've been crawling around in Dempsey Basin, over Commissary Ridge, down in Fontenelle—don't know what's left, do you?"

"That's progress," I replied uncertainly.

"Sure it is," Ken said irritably. "But what price economic growth?"

Ken is probably servicing two to three times more pickup trucks than he was a couple of years ago.

JAMES WATT seems to see in politics the fundamentalist divisions which, as a born-again Christian, he sees in religion—and that, as far as western politics (or indeed any politics) goes, may be his mistake. Wyoming is in many respects a frontier society still, and, like all frontier societies, it is an often inchoate amalgam of conflicting attitudes, many of them gut, almost instinctual. The political tradition of the American west is an unstable compound of "conservative" individualism and anti-statism, and a "liberal" anti-eastern, anti-federal populism that is often resentful of big business, big money, big government—anything big enough to threaten a westerner's autonomy. And it is not just eastern money and eastern power that are regarded with suspicion by westerners. They bristle as readily when confronted by powerful local corporations or big-money interests in their own and neighboring sagebrush states.

Of course, the native Wyoming population has been greatly diluted in the past decade as the number of inhabitants has increased from about 300,000 to 470,000; it will be diluted still further during the 1980s. Almost all of the immigrants will arrive in the state as vassals of the energy companies, which means that they will have a stake in the further development of Wyoming. This factor is, indeed, Jim Watt's best hope, here and throughout the west. But it should not escape his attention, or anybody's, that Colorado, which has been experiencing influxes of outsiders and a substantial rate of economic growth for many years, has recently declined to join its neighbors in the Sagebrush Rebellion. It may well be that Colorado, a more mature and "sophisticated" state than Wyoming, has reached that point in its development where an affluent, professional, suburban, upper-middle class concerned with environmental and other "quality-of-life" issues has grown large enough to wield considerable political influence.

As Dick Pugh sees it, the issue posed by Jim Watt for Wyoming is whether the "quality of life" of the state should come before the purported larger interests of the nation. Watt says Wyoming—and other similarly positioned states—should sacrifice themselves to the national welfare. The more blood he squeezes from Wyoming and the rest of the west, the more he is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

certain to be resented sooner or later. Wyomingites, most of them, know why they live in this semi-arid, desperately cold, very remote state; they know why they didn't emigrate, long ago, to Denver, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, or Tucson. Wyoming may be 100,000 square miles of sky, sagebrush, bentonite, and alkali to the secretary of the interior, but it's home on the range to them.

Sagebrush Subsidiaries

How the West Has Won

By Cliff Sloan

THIRTY-FOUR years ago, Bernard De Voto described the west's attitude toward the federal government with admirable simplicity: "get out and give us more." Now comes the Sagebrush Rebellion, a confrontation that epitomizes De Voto's description. The sagebrush rebels like to picture themselves as hardbitten, rugged men of the land trying to free themselves of an arrogant, insensitive desk-bound bureaucracy thousands of miles away. Yet these same rough, tough varmints are terrified of losing the gigantic subsidies that western states and private interests reap from their relationship with the federal government.

Originally the Sagebrush Rebellion was determined to bring about the wholesale transfer of federal lands to western states. Now, with self-proclaimed sagebrush rebels like Reagan and Watt calling the shots, that seems to have shifted: there's no longer any need for a transfer, says Watt, because his "good neighbor" policy will defuse the problems. But if the goals of the Sagebrush Rebellion are no longer clear, the stakes continue to be obvious. The fight is for control of 360 million acres of federal land in 11 western states, and an additional 327 million acres in Alaska. Principally managed by the Department of Interior's Bureau of Land Management and Agriculture's Forest Service, this land includes rolling forests, vast mountain ranges, and rich energy and mineral deposits. It has some of the nation's most stunning wilderness areas and some of its most valuable resources.

Sagebrush rebels like to point with horror to maps showing the percentages of federal land in western states—89 percent of Alaska, 86 percent of Nevada, 64 percent of Idaho, 64 percent of Utah, 52 percent of Oregon, and so on. Within the past year, several states have passed laws designed to seize control of these federal lands, but such laws are legal absurdities. The federal lands were acquired by the federal government in purchases like the Louisiana Purchase; the states have never owned them. When the western states joined the Union, the federal government was exceedingly beneficent in ceding huge quantities of land to the states and to homesteaders—much more generous than it had been with the eastern states. And the western states explicitly agreed that the federal government would retain ownership of the remaining federal lands.

Leaving aside these legal questions, though, the great unexamined irony of the Sagebrush Rebellion is that the states and private interests already have a very lucrative arrangement with the federal government. Next year, for example, according to Reagan administration estimates, various federal lands programs will turn over a whopping $900 million to states and counties. Almost all that money will go to the west and to Alaska. The biggest chunk of these payments is the generous sharing of revenues from leases on federal lands. These payments are soaring, especially in the energy area. As this industry booms, so does the states' share of the royalties—from around $190 million in 1978 to an estimated $454 million in 1982. Certain states and counties, meanwhile, can also look forward to receiving some $270 million in Forest Service receipts next year.

IT IS A very select group of states that will be so enriched. In 1979, just two states—Wyoming and New Mexico—got 66 percent of the receipts from the leasing of minerals on federal lands, and three more—California, Colorado, and Utah—got another 22 percent. That same year, three states—Oregon, California, and Washington—received 76 percent of the Forest Service payments to states and counties.

These payments are truly "uncontrollable" federal expenditures, without a ceiling and enjoying the privileged status of "permanent" appropriations. They are exempt from the annual appropriations process which determines most federal expenditures. Instead, fixed formulas determine the payments. But no logic or uniformity governs the various levels of the formulas. Forest Service lands will net the local government 25 percent of the timber royalties, but mineral receipts from BLM lands will reap them 50 percent—unless the land is in Alaska, in which case it will pull in almost 90 percent. And so on with the other formulas.

This hodgepodge of percentages has evolved because of the arcane history of each program—*not* because of a carefully considered analysis of need or reasonableness. One criterion in such an analysis might be tax equivalence—the loss a local government suffers because its federal land is tax-exempt. In most places, though, the federal government is already paying the

Cliff Sloan was executive assistant to Representative Sidney Yates, chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee on the Interior. He now attends Harvard Law School.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

locals far more than they would be getting if the land were privately held. And the private lessees pay all the conventional taxes as well. The result, as the General Accounting Office notes in its dry way, is that "while states and county governments in these states lost nothing in oil and mineral taxes from leaseholders, they also received 50 percent of federal mineral royalty receipts." To top it off, 40 percent of the federal government's half of the mineral receipts is earmarked for water reclamation projects—most of which benefit these same mineral-rich western states.

So much for receipt-sharing. Certain more obscure land payment programs account for the rest of this westward-flowing river of cash. The newest is the "Payments In Lieu of Taxes" program. Created in 1976, this program—yet another effort to "compensate" states and counties for federal lands which cannot be taxed—has rapidly become the biggest boondoggle of all. Local governments have jumped on it as another way to wangle more money out of the federal government than they would receive from private landowners. In 1981, the feds (that is, you and me) are paying states and counties, mostly in the west, $108 million "in lieu of taxes." Repeated investigations have found that states and counties juggle their figures, merge accounts, and distort their revenues to maximize their payments.

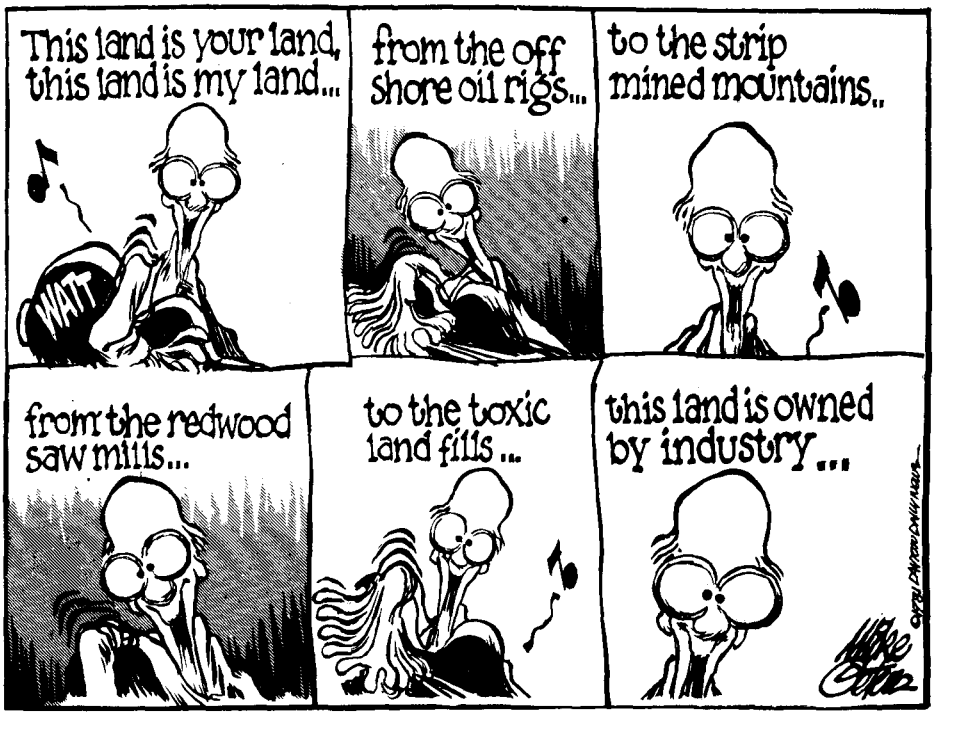
THEN there are the Oregon & California grant lands, an enormously lucrative subsidy for 18 counties in western Oregon. The counties receive 50 percent of the revenues from old railroad lands transformed by the federal government over the past 50 years into profitable forests. In 1980, the 18 O&C counties collected $97 million from the federal government. The Library of Congress estimates that if these lands were privately owned, the tax revenues would have amounted to well under a quarter of that figure—$21 million.

In return for all these direct federal payments, the states and counties do nothing. At the same time, the private interests leasing federal lands pay the states and counties substantial taxes, and their activity contributes heavily to local prosperity.

Besides the direct subsidies, the federal government throws in a host of indirect subsidies. Seeding, forestry, irrigation, even law enforcement and fire suppression—all are federal activities on federal lands. The result, quite often, is an attractive freebie for some flint-eyed Marlboro man. On federal grazing lands, the Bureau of Land Management will invest over $100 million in rangeland improvements in 1982, but the tiny group of ranchers who benefited from this investment will pay the federal government only $30 million for the use of its land. Such disparities are partly explained by the extremely low user fees charged by the federal government.

If the west has it so good, why all the fuss and controversy over the Sagebrush Rebellion? Depending on who you ask, you may hear about the passage of the Federal Land Policy Management Act in 1976, with its statement that the federal government would manage its public lands permanently; or about the environmental activism of the Carter administration; or simply about the arrogance of distant bureaucrats. Whatever the complaint, though, the same sagebrush rebels who are so eloquent in decrying the evils of federal management are the first to defend the federal largesse that benefits their region. They are the first, and the loudest, to oppose efforts—to impose some kind of logical system on the crazy quilt of federal land payments.

A rational program might include strict tax equivalence, a single payment, and realistic user fees. But there isn't even the whisper of such a program in the brave new world of the new beginning's fiscal austerity. As a result, many western states and counties will have the best of all worlds. The restrictions on the use of public lands which so irked the region's ranchers and timber companies and mineral concerns are being loosened, and those huge federal payments continue to roll in. Get out and give us more.


This land is your land, this land is my land...
WAIT
from the off shore oil rigs...
to the strip mined mountains..
from the redwood saw mills...
to the toxic land fills...
this land is owned by industry...

CARTOON BY MIKE PETERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Waiting for Grosbard

The career of Ulu Grosbard, director of films and plays, has been a 19-year tease. He has long seemed to be on the edge of major stature. Everything he has touched has shown at least some evidence of high directorial quality, but almost every script he has touched—either through bad luck or bad judgment—has not been good enough for him. If inside every fat man there's a thin man struggling to get out, then inside Grosbard's succession of flabby scripts there's a strong director similarly struggling.

True Confessions
(United Artists)

I first saw his work in 1962, an Off Broadway production of Snyder's *Days and Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker* which was handled with unmistakable delicacy. The last time I saw his work—which he did after he had finished the film discussed below—it was Woody Allen's play earlier this year, *The Floating Light Bulb*. Some of the casting was seemingly arranged by computer, but Grosbard treated the play with empathic skill, and he helped a young actor named Barry Backer to a performance, in the "Allen" role, of genuine anguish. Both the first and the most recent play scripts that Grosbard had chosen were inadequate, however. Between them he has done a number of other things, including the play and film of Gilroy's *The Subject Was Roses*, in which Grosbard struggled imaginatively against mundane odds, and two films, *Who Is Harry Kellerman . . . ?* and *Straight Time*, neither of which became the exceptionally incisive work it patently wanted to be.

Now here's Grosbard's new film, *True Confessions*, and again he is stuck with a script that isn't good enough for him. What extraordinary acting he gets from his cast!—lavished on a script that is all pedestrian smartness and stale shock.

It was written by John Gregory Dunne and Joan Didion from Dunne's novel. This pair are professional insiders: they make their living by knowing the frauds and corruptions and anguishes under the surfaces that deceive the rest of us innocents; and once in a while they deign to pull the scales from our eyes. This time they're telling us that the priesthood of the Roman Catholic church is made up of mortal men with mortal faults, that the wealthy communicants of that church sometimes influence and manipulate it, and that policemen—are you ready for this *again*?—sometimes sin, even in Los Angeles.

Recovering from the impact of these revelations, we can see that Grosbard has constructed his film figuratively between, around, and above the wisenheimer banalities of the script. For example, there's a quarrel scene between Charles Durning, a rich and crooked contractor who is being given a testimonial banquet as an outstanding Catholic layman, and Robert Duvall, an LA detective who knows the greasy truth about Durning and who tells it at the banquet. As writing, it's stagy stuff, including the strophes in which onlookers intervene to keep the pair from fighting. I recognized the scene because, minimally, I've seen it once a year for every year I've been filmgoing, but I've never been convinced before by the familiar hold-me-back-or-I'll-murder-him ballet. Under Grosbard's direction, I felt that one man might really have killed the other except for the forcible restraint. Under Grosbard's direction, the movie platitude becomes truth.

Or take the opening sequence between Duvall and his brother, a priest, played by Robert De Niro. The picture begins and ends in the "present," with a graying De Niro as a parish priest of a lonely little church in the California desert. (The body of the film, in the "past," explains how De Niro, who had been a monsignor on his way to auxiliary bishop, ends up in clerical Nowheresville.) In that opening, Duvall arrives at the empty church, is greeted by his brother, and is taken inside where the priest tells him that he, De Niro, has just been informed by doctors that he hasn't long to live. Another trite scene, the not-long-to-live bit, particularly at the start. But these two greatly gifted men are working with a director who helps them to weave the texture of silences around the lines. As is often the case in this film, what's important is what is not said.

It's true again in the closing sequence, back at the little church. De Niro takes his brother out into the scrubby churchyard in the desert and shows him the small fenced plot he has saved for himself and for Duvall when his time comes. "So this is it," says Duvall (the best line in the picture). And Grosbard's camera lifts above the two brothers standing on either side of the tiny patch in the middle of vastness where they will lie side by side.

The bulk of the script, under its slickness, is another version of those old-time movies about two brothers, usually from New York's Lower East Side, one of whom goes right while the other goes wrong. The difference here is that one, Duvall, goes worldly, and the other, De Niro, goes not quite unworldly enough, develops political ambitions within the church. And Duvall's

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Arthur. A revival of the rich-playboy plot, too long and slow, but with bright dialogue, deft Dudley Moore, and scintillating John Gielgud.

The French Lieutenant's Woman. The double structure—a Victorian story and the story of the actors filming the Victorian story—doesn't justify itself, but the acting and the textures are superb. The parts are much better than the whole, but *all* the parts are lovely.

The Great Muppet Caper. The real raiders of the lost ark—of unself-conscious innocence.

Stevie. The being of the English poet, Stevie Smith, crystallized by Glenda Jackson, with Mona Washbourne wonderful as her aunt, in a small, exquisite work.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

detective work, pursued with a certain viciousness, finally spoils De Niro's ecclesiastical chances. Because Dunne and Didion are so insistently knowing about "real" life, we get a priest who dies of a heart attack in a brothel; a brothel madam who was once a lover of Duvall's; a girl who was apparently murdered in the making of a "snuff" porno film; and other harsh facts to bring us all to our senses. Somewhere buried in the script is an interesting theme of the many shapes of basic power drive, but Dunne and Didion are too proud of their hipness to dramatize it freshly and adequately.

TWO POINTS baffled me. I couldn't understand why Georges Delerue, composer of so many lovely film scores in his native France, put an angelic chorus under the sequence in which Duvall explores the blood-soaked porno-film studio. Second, I didn't understand the plot crux. Why was De Niro's churchly career ruined because, quite accidentally, he was a passenger in Durning's car on the day Durning decided to give a lift to a strange girl? The girl later became a tart and the "snuff" victim, but De Niro had absolutely nothing to do with it, not even any knowledge of it until long after the event. If he had been a fellow-passenger on a bus with a drug dealer, would that have tarnished him, too? No one would have believed that De Niro had anything to do with the drugs; why should anyone have found anything defamatory in the accidental encounter with the girl?

De Niro's performance is almost one of his best. I think he relies a bit too much on his difference from Duvall's push and bite to help delineate his own character, a man with more of the wheeler-dealer in him than he cares to acknowledge. At the end De Niro tells his brother that he's grateful because the result of Duvall's investigations was to get the monsignor off the ambition track and back into his vocation; this comment would ring a tone truer if we could sniff the ambition in him a bit more strongly when he's on the way up. But, as usual, De Niro has begun his performance with an idea about his body. This was overwhelmingly clear in *Raging Bull*, more subtly pervasive in *The Last Tycoon*. The way De Niro bears himself, walks, and gestures as the priest is his primary act of transformation.

Duvall is again slow-fused dynamite, with his little smiles of anger or disgust, his hesitations, his half-glances away. But a base of character is counterpointed throughout: Grosbard has helped Duvall build the anger from a buried agony. The two men worked together in the theater twice: in the celebrated 1965 revival of Miller's *View from the Bridge* with Jon Voight and with Dustin Hoffman as understudy; and in what is Grosbard's best script-choice to date, the Broadway production in 1977 of Mamet's *American Buffalo*. (Incidentally, Hoffman, star of *Harry Kellerman* and *Straight Time*, got Grosbard to direct both those pictures. Apparently Grosbard's actors are his biggest fans.)

Durning gives the rich crook a sharp contradictory combination of piggish egomania and resentful fear of his church. Kenneth McMillan, another *American Buffalo* alumnus, is Duvall's detective "partner" and is again a mobile knockwurst; at least Grosbard deploys him usefully. Burgess Meredith has the right odor as a nagging failed priest, a nuisance to his cardinal. That cardinal is Cyril Cusack, and I feel that Grosbard had little more to do with Cusack than appreciate him. Rose Gregorio (Mrs. Grosbard), who was Beebee Fenstermaker long ago, gives the madam more than Warner Brothers world-weary snarl—we get a forecast of her tired fate.

True Confessions leaves me a Grosbard admirer, still eager for the chance to admire a whole Grosbard work.

COMING
John Hollander
On a Gardener's Thoughts.

The collapse of a moral code.

WHEN CHIVALRY DIED

BY MARK GIROUARD

During the first few months of 1912 a new play, *Where the Rainbow Ends*, was running to packed audiences of parents and children at the Savoy Theatre in London. It had had its first performance on December 21, and was soon to rival *Peter Pan* and be repeated every Christmas until the 1950s. The play is about two children, Rosamund and Crispian Carey. They and two friends escape by magic carpet from Riversdale, Maidenhead, the home of their wicked aunt and uncle, and go to look for their shipwrecked parents in the Land where the Rainbow Ends. They have to pass through the realm of the Dragon King, but they are protected by St. George, whom Rosamund calls to their aid.

St. George's first appearance in the library of Riversdale is a disappointment; he is just a gray-haired, soldierly man in a long gray cloak. But on Rosamund's doubtfully saying, "I am an English maiden in danger, and I ask for your aid," there is a blinding flash, the cloak vanishes, and St. George is revealed in shining armor, complete with sword and red cross. The children are pursued by the Dragon King, their Aunt Matilda, and their Uncle Joseph—the latter a sadistic buffoon, wearing a top hat and carrying a whip. They have various adventures, but St. George comes to their aid and finally fights and conquers the Dragon King in his own castle.

The play is full of patriotism and the empire. Crispian is a smart young naval cadet from Dartmouth. He has a pet lion cub, "Cubs," who wears a red, white, and blue ribbon and is fed on "Commonwealth Mixture for British Lion. Equal parts of Canadian, Australian, and New Zealand Iron, mixed with South African Steel." The bottle is marked "Poison to Traitors," and chokes Uncle Joseph when he takes a sip, just after he has been making fun of the British flag, "that little bit of bumptious bunting." The Dragon King is fighting

Mark Girouard, author of *Life in the English Country House*, is a British writer. This essay is adapted by permission from *The Return to Camelot: Chivalry and the English Gentleman*, by Mark Girouard, to be published in October by Yale University Press. Copyright © 1981 by Pothecary Ltd.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against St. George and trying to corrupt the English. "Almost had I worked the downfall of his land—I flung my gold dust in the people's eyes and lulled them into false security." But St. George calls them back to their true destiny, which is to join the nations of the world and "fight aggression and foul tyranny." At the end of the play he cries out to the audience: "Rise, Youth of England, let your voices ring / For God, for Britain, and for Britain's King." Audience and cast sing the national anthem together.

While *Where the Rainbow Ends* was running, Captain Robert Scott and his four companions were traveling on the last stages of their journey to the South Pole. Scott was what Crispian might have become, an ex-Dartmouth cadet fighting through snow and ice to win glory for king and country. The expedition reached the Pole on January 17, only to find that a Norwegian team led by R. E. G. Amundsen had been there just over a month before. Despondently they started on the 800-mile journey back to their base camp. They were short of food and had to drag their heavy sledges on half rations. Most of them were already in poor physical condition. On February 16, Petty Officer Evans collapsed, and died the next night. Captain Oates's feet turned gangrenous from frost bite and it became clear that he could not go on much longer. In the early morning of March 17 he limped out of the tent in which they were all sleeping, walked into the falling snow, and did not return. Captain Robert Scott wrote in his journal: "We know that Oates was walking to his death . . . it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end in the same spirit and assuredly the end is not far."

The bodies of Scott and his two remaining companions, Dr. Edward Wilson and Lieutenant B.H.R. Bowers, were found in November 1912. They were lying frozen in their tent at the point where they had given up a few days after Oates's death. With them were Scott's journals and the letters which he had written while he was waiting to die. To Mrs. Bowers he wrote that "we are very near the end of our journey and I am finishing it in company with two gallant, noble gentlemen. One of these is your son." To Sir Edgar Speyer, "But we have been to the Pole and we shall die like gentlemen." To Admiral Bridgeman, "After all we are setting a good example to our countrymen, if not by getting into a tight place, by facing it like men when we were there. We could have come through had we neglected the sick."

POSTER ISSUED BY THE PARLIAMENTARY RECRUITING COMMITTEE
COURTESY OF THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

Oates's body was never found, but a cairn was put up in his memory; its inscription reads, "Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman, Capt. L.E.G. Oates, of the Inniskilling Fusiliers." When the news reached England, and the journal and letters were published, the dead men became national heroes. A memorial service was held in their memory at St. Paul's; the cathedral was packed and George V was among the congregation. Special honor was given to Oates, who had sacrificed his life in order not to be a burden to his friends, and to Scott, leader and inspirer of the expedition, "firm in his friendship and chivalrous in his conduct," as the *Times* put it.

Ten months before the memorial service for Scott and his companions, St. Paul's had been the scene of another service in memory of those drowned in the *Titanic*. The *Titanic* was the biggest and most luxurious liner in the world. She was on her maiden voyage, with a passenger list studded with millionaires and famous names. She ripped her hull open on an iceberg at 11:40 p.m. on the night of April 14, 1912, and sank two hours and 40 minutes later. The scene in those hours, as described by the survivors, was an extraordinary one. It was a calm and clear night, the huge liner was blazing with light, the band was playing ragtime at the head of the grand staircase, and except for a slight tilt in the hull and the stillness of the engines there was little surface sign that the ship was doomed unitl the very end. The lifeboats were gradually filled; the inevitable order went out: "Women and children first." Gentlemen escorted ladies to the boats as though to their carriages, and helped

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them courteously in. Colonel John Jacob Astor handed in his new young bride, "smiled, touched his cap and . . . turned back to his place among the men." Mrs. William T. Graham, having been helped into her boat by Howard Case, London manager of Vacuum Oil and "one of the chivalrous young heroes of the *Titanic*," watched him lean against the rail, light a cigarette, and wave goodbye as her boat was rowed away. "Walter, you must come with me," begged Mrs. Walter D. Douglas. "No," replied Mr. Douglas, turning away, "I must be a gentleman."

Still, there were some who did panic. "There were various men passengers," according to one of the stewards, "probably Italians, or some foreign nationality other than English or American, who attempted to rush the boats." J. Bruce Ismay, managing director of the White Star Line, which owned the *Titanic*, dropped quietly into a lifeboat just as it was leaving; he was never able to hold his head up again.

About 1,500 people were drowned; only 651 were saved. The redeeming feature of the disaster, it was generally agreed, was the chivalry shown by the men, both passengers and crew. *Punch* published a full-page cartoon of a mourning Britannia, with appropriate verses:

> What courage yielded place to other's need,
> Patient of discipline's supreme decree,
> Well may we guess, who knew that gallant breed
> Schooled in the ancient chivalry of the sea.

ST. GEORGE, the empire, knights rescuing maidens in distress, chivalrous and gallant gentlemen dying like gentlemen, women and children first—the occurrence of all these themes in different contexts within the same year is more than coincidence. Samuel Guggenheim in his dinner jacket on the sinking *Titanic* was dying like a gentleman, and how gentlemen lived and died was partly determined by the way in which they believed knights had lived and died. All gentlemen knew that they must be brave, show no sign of panic or cowardice, be courteous and protective to women and children, be loyal to their comrades, and meet death without flinching. They knew it because they had learned the code of the gentleman in a multitude of different ways, through advice, through example, through what they had been taught at school or by their parents, and through endless stories of chivalry, daring, knights, gentlemen, and gallantry which they had read or been told by way of history books, ballads, poems, plays, pictures, and novels.

Gentlemen in fact not only knew how gentlemen should behave, but also how to describe that behavior. Particular situations produced a particular kind of language. They had all read the right books as children. Events like the sinking of the *Titanic* joined with a mass of similar scenes in history books or fiction to provide a composite manual of language as well as behavior. As a result descriptions of heroic events, even those of eyewitnesses, are often so stylized that the event loses all reality; it is sometimes hard, when reading Scott's journal or, even more, the accounts of the end of the *Titanic*, to realize that these were actual and terrible tragedies, not episodes in a bad novel. Moreover, the descriptions tended to improve on the event, in order to put it in line with the literary tradition. Many of the eyewitness accounts of the wreck of the *Titanic* certainly or almost certainly bear little relation to what happened. The almost unanimous tendency of Anglo-Saxon witnesses to assume that anyone who behaved badly was an Italian, or some other form of foreigner, needs to be treated with caution.

In fact Victorian and Edwardian chivalry produced its own world of myth and legend, just as much as medieval chivalry. And, as in the case of medieval chivalry, the inspiring images are sometimes out of touch with the reality. Proportionately fewer steerage children, for instance, survived from the *Titanic* than men traveling first or second class; the figures are somewhat disconcerting, even if they reflect the unconscious operation of the class structure rather than any deliberate decision. Moreover, the whole disaster need never have happened if proper precautions had been taken. The *Titanic* had 2,340 aboard and lifeboats for 1,100. What lifeboats there were only managed to take off 651 people in spite of the calm sea; four were wrecked on launching, and most went off without a full load. There had been no boat drill, no crews or passengers allotted to particular lifeboats. Amundsen's expedition went smoothly and successfully to the South Pole and back largely because its members were carefully trained professionals whereas Scott and his men were, by comparison, hopelessly and in some aspects culpably amateurish. Scott's last message, "we are setting a good example to our countrymen, if not by getting into a tight place, by facing it like men when we were there," suggests an attitude in which heroism becomes more important than the intelligent forethought which would make heroism unnecessary. In the code of the gentleman intelligence was a little suspect.

And yet something surely remains. Even when the *Titanic* story is reduced to size, it is still an impressive and moving one. They don't, one feels, thinking of Colonel Astor and the rest, make them like that any more. In such feelings there are, for most people, elements of affection, admiration, and regret. Many will remember that particular mixture of gentleness, courtesy, sweetness, lack of guile, and unbending sense of honor which characterized old-fashioned gentlemen of a certain kind. One says old-fashioned, because the type scarcely survives; it was the product of a particular set of circumstances which no longer exists.

OPINIONS will always differ over whether the Great War could or should have been prevented. But one conclusion is undeniable: the ideals of chivalry worked with one accord in favor of war.

During the 19th century the upper and much of the middle classes had been increasingly encouraged to believe that a fight in a just cause was one of the most desirable and honorable activities open to man, and that there was no more glorious fate than to die fighting for one's country. The purging or ennobling effect of contemporary war had been written about by numerous poets, Scott, Tennyson, and Sir Henry John Newbolt among them.

> And as months ran on and rumour of battle grew,
> 'It is time, it is time, O passionate heart,' said I
> (For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure and true)
> 'It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,
> That old hysterical mock-disease should die.'
> And I stood on a giant deck and mix'd my breath
> With a loyal people shouting a battle cry,
> Till I saw the dreary phantoms arise and fly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Far into the North, and battle, and seas of death.

Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims
Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,
And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,
Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told;
And hail once more to the banner of battle unroll'd!

Tennyson wrote these lines about the Crimean War in *Maud*, a poem that was read in almost every literate Victorian household.

In thousands of nurseries and schoolrooms children had been brought up on the exploits in battle of heroes new and old. "Fighting" was one of the most honorable words in the vocabulary, "the real, highest, honestest business of every son of man," as Thomas Hughes put it. The language of battle and of chivalry had been used to provide metaphors for every aspect of life; life was a battlefield on which a gentleman had to fight impure thoughts in himself, injustice or ignorance in others, "whatever was mean and unmanly and unrighteous in our little world." The approval attached to the metaphors almost inevitably attached itself to the basic meaning. Of course, the fight had to be for a good cause. But one of the effects of imperialism had been to imbue very large numbers of people with a religious belief in Britain as the great force for good in the world. That England could be in the wrong was almost inconceivable. Moreover, once war was declared, or likely to be declared, all those who had been at public schools knew exactly what was expected of them. But so, outside the public schools, did all Boy Scouts, past and present ("Be prepared" meant, in part, be ready for war), all Cadets, all members of boys' clubs and boys' brigades, all readers of the right adventure stories in the right magazines. Giant forces of loyalty to king and country were ready to be triggered off, submerging all doubts in the process.

When the moment of crisis finally arrived, most people saw it in terms that were familiar to them from school days, and that gave a chivalrous people no option. They were, in the first place, as Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scouts, put it, going "to give the big bully a knock-out blow, so that other nations can live afterwards in peace and freedom." Everyone knew that was what one did to bullies. Even more important, going to war was a matter of honor. For, although the big bully had been throwing his weight around all over the place, the particular nation which he was bullying at the moment was "little Belgium"; and England was bound by treaty to come to Belgium's help.

People could approach the war in a black-and-white, yes-or-no spirit because they lacked the faintest prevision of what it was going to be like. The most recent war, the Boer War, had, admittedly, been the biggest and bloodiest since the time of Napoleon. It had lasted two and a half years and had involved nearly 450,000 British or colonial soldiers, some 22,000 of whom had died. But 12 years later its unhappier episodes were beginning to gloss over in people's minds: it was becoming the war of the glorious reliefs of Kimberley and Mafeking, "a gentleman's war," "a very pleasant time for a young fellow." Its main military lesson, that the combination of trench warfare with modern rifles and machine guns was likely to result in a long and cruel stalemate, had escaped nearly everyone. If the military experts believe that war with Germany would be a brief affair of a few knockout and decisive battles, ordinary people could scarcely be blamed for thinking the same. And as the great majority of them had no experience of war at all, there was nothing to stop them thinking of it in terms of their education—a war of glory, honor, and cavalry charges. "War declared by England," Patrick Gray, a schoolboy still at Rugby, wrote in his diary on August 5 (he was to go to the front in 1917, and be killed almost at once). "Intense relief, as there was an awful feeling that we might dishonor ourselves."

THE GREAT WAR probably produced more poetry than any other in the history of the world. There were poets at home and even more poets on the front. Their poems were published in the *Times* and other dailies, in the weeklies, in anthologies by the dozen, and in literally hundreds of individual volumes. Chivalry featured in them either directly in terms of knights, vigils, Galahads, and Holy Grails, or indirectly in terms of sportsmen and playing the game. Newbolt's "The Vigil" was published in the *Times* on the first day of the war; it sold so many copies, and was thought to have had such a great effect on national morale, that he was given a knighthood. Herbert Asquith's "The Volunteer," first published in 1915, attracted much admiration, both in its own right and because it was written by the son of the prime minister.

Here lies a clerk who half his life had spent
Toiling at ledgers in a city grey,
Thinking that so his days would drift away
With no lance broken in life's tournament.

All was well, however:

His lance is broken; but he lies content
With that high hour, in which he lived and died . . .

Nor needs he any hearse to bear him hence
Who goes to join the men of Agincourt.

CHIVALRY appeared in prose in the stories written by Arthur Machen for the *Evening News*, especially in "The Bowman," which came out on September 29, 1914. "The Bowman" succeeded beyond most authors' dreams—much to Machen's embarrassment. It tells how a British soldier, while fighting a forlorn hope, remembers and repeats a motto which he had seen under figures of St. George on the plates of a restaurant: "Adsit Anglis Sanctus Georgius." Immediately he hears "a great voice" and "thousand shouting . . . Array, array, array . . . St. George! St. George! . . . St. George for merry England. . . . a long bow and a strong bow. . . . Heaven's Knight, aid us. . . . High Chevalier, defend us." In front of the trench in which he is standing he sees "a long line of shapes, with a shining about them." The day is saved; "the grey men were falling by thousands"; he realizes that St. George has brought in Agincourt bowmen to help the English.

Almost immediately Machen began to get requests from parish magazines to print, and reprint, the story. Their congregations, it turned out, believed that it was a true one. Soon reports began to come in of officers who had seen St. George, of arrow wounds having been found in dead Germans, of how clouds had come down to conceal British soldiers and shining shapes appeared from them.

Henry Newbolt's *Book of the Happy Warrior* came out in 1917; it told the story of chivalry and was clearly intended to inspire boys in wartime England with chivalrous enthusiasms. The chapter about Agincourt was entitled "France v. Gentlemen of England." "The Germans, and even our Allies," wrote E. B.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Osborn in an anthology of war poems called *The Muse in Arms* (1917),

> cannot understand why this stout old nation persists in thinking of war as sport; they do not know that sportsmanship is our new homely name, derived from a racial predilection for comparing great things with small, for the *chevaleries* of the Middle Ages.

A section of the anthology is headed "Chivalry of Sport," and its highlight is "Rugby Football—Written on receiving [in the front line] the football-match list from Ilkley Grammar School":

> There's a roar from the 'touch' like an angry sea
> As the struggle moves from goal to goal
> But the fight is as clean as a fight should be
> And they're friends when the ball has ceased to roll.

The influence of Newbolt's "Vitai Lampada" is obvious, and sure enough the battlefield analogy is soon drawn:

> Can you hear the call? Can you hear the call
> That drowns the roar of Krupp
> But hark! can you hear it? Over all—
> Now, School! Now, School! 'Play up'.

Such metaphors of sport were carried over into action: on at least two occasions troops going over the top dribbled a football as they advanced. The most famous of these was on July 11, 1916, when the football was produced by Captain W. P. Nevill and dribbled by his company of the East Surrey Regiment, in the disastrous Battle of the Somme. Captain Nevill was killed, along with most of the company.

> On through the heat of slaughter
> Where gallant comrades fall
> Where blood is poured like water
> They drive the trickling ball
> The fear of death before them
> Is but an empty name
> True to the land that bore them
> The Surreys play the game.

SIEGFRIED Sassoon's "They," published in 1916, struck another note:

> The Bishop tells us: 'When the boys come back
> They will not be the same; for they'll have fought
> In a just cause: they lead the last attack
> On Anti-Christ; their comrades' blood has bought
> New right to breed an honorable race:
> They have challenged Death and dared him face to face.'
>
> 'We're none of us the same!' the boys reply,
> For George lost both his legs; and Bill's stone blind;
> Poor Jim's shot through the lungs and like to die.
> And Bert's gone syphilitic: you'll not find
> A chap who's served that hasn't found *some* change.'
> And the Bishop said: 'The ways of God are strange.'

There are times when the Great War can seem like a nightmare parody of a knightly tournament. The chivalry of England, young, brave, dashing, and handsome, line up to process to the tournament. They are filled with ardor for the fight, escorted by loyal yeomanry, and longing to do great deeds and win honor for themselves and their ladyloves. Trumpets blow, attendant bards recite heroic poetry, and all is ready for the glorious combat. Then the rain starts falling. The shining knights cannot charge, for their horses are bogged down and they themselves are wallowing in mud up to the groin. Mud totally obscures their glorious armor. They fall over, their armor splits open and their blood and entrails spill out into the mud.

The first and last British cavalry charge on the western front took place at Audreques on August 24, 1914. John Buchan found the charge

> as futile and as gallant as any other like attempt in history on unbroken infantry and guns in position. But it proved to the world that the spirit which inspired the Light Brigade at Balaclava and von Bredow's Todtenritt at Mars-le-Tour was still alive in the cavalry of today.

However, there was to be little role in the war for cavalry and none for heroic charges. By the end of 1914, the combatants were locked in a continuous line of trenches, running from the North Sea to Switzerland.

There most of them died; and there chivalry died with them. Or at least it received its death wound. For it is in fact easy enough to find chivalry at work in the years after the war. In fiction, especially, bands of brothers abounded, chivalrously protecting the weak and doing down villains, under the leadership of Bulldog Drummond, Major-General Hannay, Group Captain Bigglesworth, and others. Bertie Wooster continued being doggedly and disastrously chivalrous into the 1960s. Evelyn Waugh was fascinated by the images and ideals of chivalry all through his life. But the use of chivalry to provide escapes into fantasy, or portray comic figures, as in Wodehouse, or figures out of gear with

"This fine, balanced, informed analysis [shows] that there *are* fair, practical ways to deal with one of the transcendent dilemmas of our age."*

181 pages, $13.95

First-person accounts of those who dared to speak out

"Alan Westin has made a notable contribution to helping clarify this important subject."—Alice L. Priest, *Business Week*

***Morton Mintz,** coauthor, *Power Inc.: Public & Private Rulers and How to Make Them Accountable*

If management had listened . . .

The Ford Pinto, the Lockheed 1011, the Firestone 500 radials, Three Mile Island, and dozens of other disasters need not have happened. Less dramatic but equally reprehensible, countless employees need not have suffered the harassment and humiliation they faced on the job.

10 whistle-blowers . . . and the consequences

The personal stories presented here run the gamut of employee protests against dangerous, illegal, and unethical corporate practices. These dramatic accounts reveal what happens when individuals take on the fight against unsafe cars, trucks, and planes . . . sex discrimination and sexual demands . . . illegal campaign contributions . . . false audit reports . . . hazardous working conditions . . . dangerous drugs . . . defective nuclear power plant hardware.

These shocking but well documented stories all end in loss of income, loss of professional standing, and deep personal suffering. They also end in the courts—usually at great expense to the corporate giants who employed, ignored, and ultimately persecuted these employees.

Are YOU ready to blow the whistle?

Westin tells how to do it, if not with impunity at least with the assurance of making your point and maintaining your personal welfare and professional integrity.

Or are you on the management receiving end?

Westin suggests ways in which management can respond to and handle these situations without ending up in the headlines, in the courts, and in the red.

WHISTLE-BLOWING!
Loyalty and Dissent in the Corporation
by **Alan F. Westin,** Prof. of Public Law and Government, Columbia University

At your bookstore or direct from:
McGraw-Hill Book Company
1221 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10020

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their times, as in Waugh, is significant of chivalry's fading powers. As a dominant code of conduct it never recovered from the Great War partly because the war itself was such a shatterer of illusions, partly because it helped produce a world in which the necessary conditions for chivalry were increasingly absent.

To the great majority of the millions fighting in the trenches chivalry meant nothing anyway. It was the many thousands of upper- and middle-class gentlemen (or would-be gentlemen) to whom chivalry had meant a great deal who had to readjust. The belief that war was glorious and ennobling seldom survived a few months at the front. "I agree with you about the utter senselessness of war," Raymond Asquith wrote to his wife in July 1916. "The suggestion that it elevates the character is hideous." Chivalry, along with patriotism, playing the game, and similar concepts, became not so much devalued as simply irrelevant. It belonged to another world, which seemed infinitely remote from the real world of mud, blood, boredom, fear, endurance, carnage, and mutilation in which they now existed.

It was a world in which most soldiers at the front learned to live and survive under appalling conditions with a mixture of stoicism, bravery, and humor much more impressive than the innocent heroics with which the war had started—to survive, that is, until they were killed, wounded, or finally cracked up under the strain. Most of them simply accepted this world; but inevitably there were those who reacted more or less violently against it, and against those whom they held accountable for creating it.

In retrospect the symbols of chivalry seem a little pathetic, for they were in fact swamped by the mass of other images and mementos produced by the war, and moreover the values for which they stood were beginning to crumble round them. The sheer weight of numbers involved in the Great War is staggering. It is not the occasional St. George that moves one, or even the memorials to the golden boys of the upper classes, so much as the endless rows of headstones in the war cemeteries, the long lists of names of ordinary people on memorials in village after village. So many deaths, such vast movements of people, such huge expenditures of money could not but have cataclysmic effects on the structure of society. Among much else, gentlemen were never going to be the same again.

In Clover

Rabbit is Rich
by John Updike

(Knopf; $13.95)

For this third novel in what we may perhaps now refer to as the Rabbit trilogy, John Updike has chosen two perfectly appropriate epigraphs. The first is from *Babbitt*, some words from George Babbitt's portrait of the Ideal Citizen: "At night he lights up a good cigar, and climbs into the little old 'bus. . . . He mows the lawn, or sneaks in some practice putting, and then he's ready for dinner"; the second is three lines from Wallace Stevens's poem, "A Rabbit as King of the Ghosts." Updike's brilliant and touching new novel has the local richness and comic bite of Sinclair Lewis's best one; while his portrait of Rabbit Angstrom, age 46 and a fair candidate for king of the ghosts, contains expressions of lyric feeling as full and deep as anything in the writer's previous work. More than either *Rabbit, Run* (1961) or *Rabbit Redux* (1971), the new book moves easily, and convincingly in the main, from vulgar talk about physical matters—particularly various parts of women's bodies—to a rather elegant and sad poetry of the spirit, particularly the spirits of the dead who surround and haunt our protagonist:

> The dead, Jesus. They were multiplying, and they look up begging you to join them, promising it is all right, it is very soft down here. Pop, Mom, old man Springer, Jill, the baby called Becky for her little time, Tothero. Even John Wayne, the other day. The obituary page every day shows another stalk of a harvest endlessly rich, the faces of old teachers, customers, local celebrities like himself flashing for a moment and then going down. For the first time since childhood Rabbit is happy, simply, to be alive.

In the first of the Rabbit books, Harry Angstrom is known not only by his nickname but also as "Mr. Death" by his lover Ruth, who makes a memorable reappearance in *Rabbit is Rich*. His son Nelson blames him (in *Rabbit Redux*) for the death of the girl Jill when Rabbit's house mysteriously catches fire. The obsession with death is a religious one: *Rabbit, Run* is full of fairly dense theological meditation, its whole metaphor of running (as in the beautifully done nighttime flight in the car from Pennsylvania to West Virginia and back) a desperate poetic response to the constrictions of domesticity, of aging one day at a time with one thing at the end of it all. And the hero's absorption, sexual and political, with the outlaws Jill and Skeeter, doomed embodiments of those who would keep running, had a religious intensity enough to have put some readers off *Rabbit Redux*.

Updike's resourcefulness reveals itself in the beautifully executed opening pages of his new novel, set in late June of 1979 when America was running out of gas. But Rabbit is rich, and why? Why because he's the owner of his dead father-in-law's flourishing operation, Springer Motors, now hooked into the people who bring you Toyotas:

> But they won't catch him, not yet, because there isn't a piece of junk on the road gets better mileage than his Toyotas, with lower service costs. . . . People are going wild, their dollars are going rotten, they shell out like there's no tomorrow. He tells them, when they buy a Toyota, they're turning their dollars into yen.

As for Rabbit's personal proclivities for lighting out into another territory when pressed too closely, he has nicely come to terms with the metaphorical wildness of "running" by turning himself into just another runner: "I've begun this jogging thing and it feels great. I want to lose thirty pounds." Though such running resolves itself mainly into a trot around the block after supper, at least it gets him out of the house, away from his wife Janice and her mother. So at the beginning of the novel words like "rich," "run," "energy," and others show

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their potential for playful expansion—as do old cultural friends like "Lost in Space" or "You Asked For It, You've Got It."

Rabbit not only rhymes with Babbitt, they are the same age (46) and they love their cars. Updike has previously been eloquent about the terrible beauty of 1950s cars, and now it is extinct American convertibles that take on some of that power: "They were gallant old boats . . . all that stretched tin and aerodynamical razzmatazz, headed down Main Street straight for a harvest moon with the accelerator floored." Yet when Nelson, whom Rabbit has grudgingly taken on at the lot, buys a few convertibles to sell while Rabbit is on vacation, sullying the purity of the Toyota franchise, the father is furious and there ensues one of the book's finest scenes of conflict, ending, as it always does where Nelson is involved, with collision: "The pale green fender collapses enough to explode in the headlight; the lens rim flies free. Oh what a feeling." Everything involving cars, Toyota sales, gas stations is effortlessly and lovingly presented, as is anything on the highway generally. There are fine drives out to a place called Galilee in search of a girl who might possibly be his daughter, lost in space until now; there is a beautifully remembered childhood trip to the Jersey shore, the long wasted day on "poky roads," as "town after town numbingly demonstrated to him that his life was a paltry thing, his specialness an illusion."

RABBIT then is rich, not running out of gas. He makes love, with much satisfaction, to his wife Janice who has fallen asleep, and upon reflection produces such engaging good sense as "Ought to try fucking her some night when we're both awake." He hangs around with "their" group at the club, plays golf with the men, lusts after Cindy Murkett, but is also presented as more sensitive than they are (and surely than Janice is), not amused by certain kinds of sexual humor, extremely acute in detecting behavior that he calls "asshole." He can do all this of course because, as previously, Updike creates him in the present tense rather than telling us about him. With one or two exceptions, everything that comes to us comes through Rabbit's senses, highly tuned so as to register "the wooden gobbling sound the cup makes when a long putt falls," the richness of a morning in the Poconos, or the memory of Johnny Frye's Chophouse, a onetime restaurant for German *Fressers* "who had eaten themselves pretty well into the grave by now, taking with them tons of porkchops and sauerkraut and a river of Sunflower Beer." Rabbit sees through the fads and pieties of life in the 1970s: why are all these people having their beloved crepes for lunch? Because "people now want to feel they're eating less, and a crepe sounded like hardly a snack whereas if they called it a pancake they would have scared everybody away but kids and two-ton Katrinkas." And when his wife speaks at one point of "achieving closure with somebody," Rabbit accuses her of having watched too many talk shows on television.

THERE IS a certain slipperiness in the convenience with which present-tense narrative confirms the worth of its hero, especially when, as with Updike, the writing is so continuously packed with perception and satiric force. This is also why the question of to what extent Updike "is" his protagonist can't profitably be pursued. He "is" Rabbit insofar as his interests as a novelist don't lie in a critical and dramatic treatment of his hero's moral life; he is not interested in exploring Jamesian-Conradian complexities and ambiguities of character and judgment, and surely not in showing his car salesman hero to be really a slob. Instead what it's like to be Harry Angstrom, to think and talk and feel a certain way, is all that counts, and even more than in the earlier books since he has now become king of the ghosts:

> The day is still golden outside, old gold now in Harry's lengthening life. He has seen summer come and go until its fading is one in his heart with its coming, though he cannot yet name the weeds that flower each in its turn in the season's tide, or the insects that also in ordained sequence appear, eat, and perish. He knows that in June school ends and the playgrounds open, and the grass needs cutting again and again if one is a man, and if one is a child games can be played outdoors while the supper dishes tinkle in the mellow parental kitchens. . . .

These responses to the time of year, the time of day, are delicately orchestrated, for an ex-basketball star with a big gut and a penchant for saying "Fuck them all." Perhaps too delicately, if you are bothered by Updike writing over Rabbit's shoulder; yet the character is en-

"An excellent book..."
correctly identifies the issue of tax funds for private education in terms of parents' rights of free exercise of religion, their right of association in a pluralistic society, and their right to equal protection of the laws."

—Rev. Virgil C. Blum, S.J.
President, Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights

"Though this line of argument has now become commonplace, it has rarely been presented with such intellectual sophistication."

—New York Times Book Review

Society, State, & Schools

A Case for Structural and Confessional Pluralism

By GORDON SPYKMAN and OTHERS

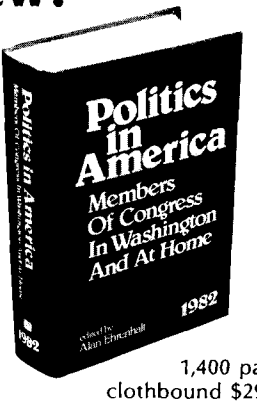
Paper, $9.95

At your bookstore

119 WM. B. EERDMANS PUBLISHING CO.

255 JEFFERSON AVE. S.E. / GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. 49503

New!



1,400 pages
clothbound $29.50

The first comprehensive reference to evaluate each Member's performance, legislative influence, political power, personal style, alliances, priorities, constituent support, campaign strategies, voting record and political aspirations. . . .

Includes an informative walking tour of politics in each of the 50 states and 435 congressional districts.

Order directly from:

Congressional Quarterly Inc.
1414 22nd St., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20037

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nobled by it, made safe from moral scrutiny, from any possibly adverse judgment. The answer then to the concluding question from *Rabbit Redux*—"O.K.?"—is still, finally, yes.

Writing about *Rabbit, Run* after it appeared, Norman Mailer excoriated its style ("atrocious," "stale garlic") but urged its author to go deeper into what he called "the literature of sex," a subject on which he thought Updike showed promise. This Updike proceeded over the years to do, and near the end of *Rabbit is Rich* there is a couple swap (not without its comic edge) in which Rabbit eventually if somewhat nervously plays a Mellors to the secret places of his Lady Chatterley for a night. (Rabbit of course suffers from the Lawrentian disease of "sex in the head," though as some wag commented, where else should it be?) There is an effort to turn this sex into a revived "sense of miracle," a reminder to Rabbit "that he was here on earth on a sacred assignment," and his partner tells him that thinking that way makes him "radiant. And sad." However you feel about radiance (and I feel the way Rabbit does about closure) the book never escapes sadness for long, right down to its "happy" ending which I dare you to read without a shiver.

What stays with one, beyond any generalized wisdom about things, is truth of particularity: of rain beating on the garden of bean leaves decimated by Japanese beetles; of an early morning in the Poconos when it seems to Harry there must be a good way to live, and this is it; of a return home to his refrigerator which now contains only wheat germ, yogurt, and Chinese vegetables (Nelson and his girlfriend are in residence), not the food for a hungry Rabbit. The book entertains ultimate thoughts about transience: "In middle age you were carrying the world . . . and yet it seems more out of control than ever, the self that you had as a boy all scattered and distributed like those pieces of bread in the miracle"; it also entertains them about toothpaste—"He wonders whatever happened to Ipana" —or about Rotary Clubs: "How can you respect the world when you see it's being run by a bunch of kids turned old?" If Rabbit could make certain common causes with his ancestor Babbitt, we might also allow him the company of Leopold Bloom and of Moses Herzog, for each of whom their authors would go to the stake. Updike's insistence here once more is in caring for what he cares about no matter how "wrong" it may look to all sorts of deep readers or academics who wouldn't dream of taking him seriously, in the same league as Pynchon, say, or Borges, or Italo Calvino. But that anyone can finish *Rabbit is Rich* and not seriously be ensnared once more by the illusion that the novel is the one bright book of life, I find hard to believe.

WILLIAM PRITCHARD

William Pritchard, professor of English at Amherst College, is the author of *Lives of the Modern Poets* (Oxford University Press).

THE VOCATION OF HISTORY

The Past and the Present
by Lawrence Stone
(Routledge and Kegan Paul; $15.95)

Lawrence Stone is one of the most distinguished historians of the English-speaking world. His work *The Crisis of the Aristocracy*, on 16th- and 17th-century England, is a classic; so is his slimmer volume, *The Causes of the English Revolution*, a collection of essays on the educational revolution of 1540-1640 in England. His massive study on domestic life in early modern England, *The Family, Sex and Marriage*, opened up a vast subject in a provocative manner; and there are many more books and articles. Lawrence Stone seems to have boundless energy. His books appear in rapid succession; some of them are very long. They abound with fertile ideas (and some less fertile ones) and they are all written with gusto that communicates itself to the reader.

The present volume is a collection of articles and reviews published over the past 20 years. They exhibit all of Lawrence Stone's strengths and some of his weaknesses. The book begins with three historiographical essays which show the wide range of his reading, his concern with history as a subject. In "History and the Social Sciences in the 20th Century" he assesses new developments in the last generation—the influence of sociology, anthropology, psychology, demography, the computer, conscious use of theoretical models—and tries to sort out what is of permanent value from what is fashion and fad. Stone is no cloistered academic, defensive about his discipline. He has been second to none in his readiness to try out new methods. This makes some of his trenchant warnings the more significant.

"The computer is a machine in the elementary use of which most professional research historians should be trained—a six-week course is ample for the purpose—but it is one which should only be employed as the choice of last resort." "This immensely powerful but very obtuse machine" has its own distorting effects on material presented to it: its use is enormously time-consuming and it "precludes that feedback process by which the historian normally thinks, thanks to which hunches are tested by data, and the data in turn generate new hunches." Stone has some devastating criticisms of the techniques and results of some fashionable cliometricians. "Intemperate and injudicious use of quantification" is not a "solution to all problems." This is especially true when dealing with periods before the 20th century, when much of the most important evidence is not quantifiable and what is quantifiable is of minor significance. "A modest proposal for improving slightly the honesty of our profession would be to pass a self-denying ordinance against the publication of any book or article based on historical evidence before the 20th century which prints percentages to even one decimal point, much less two."

An essay on prosopography (the method of collective biography) assesses the virtues and dangers of the Namier method. Stone rightly points out that this method is more successful when applied to epochs of political stability than to those of revolutionary change, and when analyzing ruling elites.

> At all times and in all places, the lower one goes in the social scale, the poorer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> becomes the documentation. . . . The only elements of the lower classes about whom something can be done in anything more than a highly impressionistic way are persecuted minorities, since police reports and legal records often supply much of the necessary information. . . . The odd result is that the only groups of poor and humble about whom we can sometimes find out a good deal are minority groups, which are by definition exceptional since they are in revolt against the *mores* and beliefs of the majority.

I am suspicious of that conclusion, since it assumes that groups that reject the beliefs of their society must be minorities, that the majority accept the mores and beliefs of their rulers. This sometimes may be true; but it was not in Montaillou, and we have only to look around the world today to find societies of which it is almost certainly untrue. Did Athanasian Christianity overcome "heresy" in the third and fourth centuries because it represented the views of a majority of the population? Did Protestantism triumph in England because a majority wanted it to?

Many of Lawrence Stone's generalizations derive from his personal experience. England, France, and the USA, he says, are the countries in which significant history is written today. They are also the countries whose languages he knows best. Modern historical writing starts with the foundation of *Annales* in 1929; so, I imagine, did Lawrence Stone's historical awareness. The journal *Past and Present* "began a sudden upward trajectory of popular success in 1960"; Lawrence Stone joined its editorial board in 1958. The important shift in historians' awareness of the social sciences occurred in the 1960s and 1970s: Lawrence Stone left England for America in 1963. All our generalizations are no doubt related to our personal experiences, but Stone's are perhaps a shade less Olympian than they might appear.

Lawrence Stone's wide curiosity, his enthusiastic if critical appreciation of what is novel, and his courteous and tolerant if trenchant statement of his disagreements make him an admirable reviewer. He has a gift for summing up epigrammatically what most of us would say in several laborious pages. What could be better than these two sentences from his essay on the Reformation?

> Anti-clericalism has long been recognized as one of the principal forces behind the Reformation, but only recently has it been appreciated that this feeling is the product less of a change for the worse in the character of the priesthood than of a change for the better in the demands of the laity.

And:

> The development of movable type some centuries before the development of an efficient police force gravely weakened the power of the state to control ideas within its own borders (once police powers increased, of course, the balance shifted back again, and today there is overwhelming ideological power in the hands of the state).

Such remarks justify the last three words in Lawrence Stone's title: history is not just about the dead past, it is an aid to understanding the present. After saying that within a generation of the Reformation, ideology had "ceased to be analyzable in terms of class or group feelings, and had become a mere matter of geography," he goes on to compare "the 20th century, the second era in which western civilization has been split ideologically down the middle," to the disadvantage of both halves. Or take this statement on the relative importance of magic and religion in 16th-century England:

> The average Elizabethan was probably less worried about the prospects of torment in hell in the next world than he was about his current sufferings in this world—sickness, poverty, robbery or cuckoldry. These were matters about which the parson could do little, except to ascribe them to the sinfulness of the victim or the inscrutable providence of God. They were, on the other hand, precisely the things that the black witch was thought able to cause, and the white witch to be able to cure.

His present-oriented approach stands Lawrence Stone in good stead when he criticizes less sensitive historians. Discussing—and praising—G. R. Elton's account of England under the rule of Thomas Cromwell, Stone concludes:

> The story of repression has to be told, not only from the point of view of the policeman, as Dr. Elton tells it, but also from that of the victims, as Professor Cobb has tried to tell it. . . . What really happened to the English in the 1530s—indeed, what really happens to any people at any time—cannot be discovered merely by examining the correspondence of the leading minister.

It is a just criticism, a credit to Lawrence Stone's head as well as to his heart.

Lawrence Stone rightly rebukes English historians "capable of taking a cool and dispassionate view of Karl Marx," who "are driven to frenzies of hatred by the writings of that mild Christian socialist, R. H. Tawney." It is the more surprising that Stone himself, normally so free from conventional prejudices, should never have taken the trouble to find out the difference between Marxism and economic determinism.

OCCASIONALLY the epigram runs away with him. "Reliance on the Bible is perhaps even less liberating intellectually than reliance on Aristotle" sounds all right until we read in the next sentence: "over the greater part of Europe (except for the Calvinist areas) the higher education bubble burst in the middle years of the 17th century." It was honest—and scholarly—to insert the words in parentheses, but weren't the Calvinist areas also the Bible-reading areas?

I part company from Lawrence Stone when he depends most heavily on social scientists, demographers, and psychologists to interpret the sex lives of our ancestors. He writes that

> the experiences of the average child were so damaging that I believe that a large number of adults, at any rate of the gentry class in the period with which I am most familiar, namely, the 16th and 17th centuries, were emotionally stunted and found it exremely difficult to establish warm personal relationships with other people.

How can we be sure that a generalization of this sort is true? How can we measure stuntedness and compare it across the centuries? We may know about a few individuals, but is it safe or even sane to generalize from them to a whole society? "The rise of family love, both between parents and children and between spouses or lovers," Stone thinks, is to be dated not from the late part of the 18th century (as Philippe Aries suggests) but from the early part. Again I find the apparent precision totally unconvincing. No definition of love would convince me that it did not exist in the age of Chaucer and Shakespeare. Historians surely have confused sentimental expression of feelings of love with the emotion itself. They may be talking about literary styles or an extension of the reading public rather than about the realities of family life.

But these are large matters, and I should hate to end on a note of dis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agreement when I am with Lawrence Stone 90 percent of the way. Especially admirable are his zest, his turbulent moral energy, his insatiable curiosity, his encouragement of new ideas and new techniques, his love of stirring things up. He seriously, actively, and tirelessly works to improve the study of history. Because history is for the present as well as about the past, it must be written to be read. Few historians who write in English can maintain such a continuously lively, engaged style. An ounce of Stone being usefully wrong is worth a ton of Dryasdust telling us what we already know, or a thousand computer print-outs giving the right answers to the wrong questions.

CHRISTOPHER HILL

Christopher Hill's most recent books are *Milton and the English Revolution* (Viking) and *Some Intellectual Consequences of the English Revolution* (University of Wisconsin Press).

SOUTH AFRICAN DISSIDENT

Asking for Trouble: Autobiography of a Banned Journalist by Donald Woods

(Atheneum; $12.95)

Asking for Trouble is a well-wrought case study for the current parlor room debates about the relative demerits of authoritarian and totalitarian regimes. In 1977, Donald Woods, a fifth-generation South African and a local editor of distinction, was hounded from his country. Earlier, because of his increasingly bold opposition to apartheid, Woods had been banned, a South African amalgam of medieval shunning and house arrest which falls short of complete incarceration. He fled a few months later because of the vicious harassment of his family by the security police—they sent a T-shirt soaked in a chemical that burned his small daughter when she put it on—and because of his own inability to remain silent.

One could argue that in a totalitarian state, say the Soviet Union, Woods wouldn't have existed in the first place. There would be no opposition press; and Woods was, after all, the influential editor of the *East London Dispatch* for 12 years. In a dictatorship there would be no resort to a nominally independent judiciary (for whites, that is) which on one memorable occasion kept Woods out of jail on a technicality. And there probably would be less political give at the top in an effort to look better abroad, for whatever cynical reason. But to Woods, these distinctions merely compounded the hypocrisies of a society ostensibly founded on Western values and now blatantly dedicated to the benefit of the few at the expense of the many. Racism is the overarching ideology of white South Africa today and the fact that there are still remnants of democratic virtues makes their decline all the more evident.

Unlike the totalitarian regimes, South Africa still longs to be included among the councils of civilized, capitalist societies and so will make some changes at the margins, integrating sports and expensive restaurants. But challenge the core of authoritarian order, as Woods and his friend Steve Biko did, and the state will crush you. Biko, the charismatic leader of the Black Consciousness Movement, was driven to death in prison, like scores of other arrested black activists. As a white man, Woods was simply denied his privacy and his livelihood.

In South Africa, as Woods makes devastatingly clear, principles are twisted to preserve privilege; the rule of law is used to deny rights rather than to protect them; a free press is undermined by coercion and subversion; and the West is courted with incantations about the Communist menace on the grounds that Marxism is worse than racism.

Woods's testimony inevitably calls to mind Jacobo Timerman's memoir of torture, *Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number*. Both authors are journalists. Both were upright citizens who maneuvered skillfully within the complexities of their societies until they were victimized by them. Both are now exiles. Is the torment of Timerman, the former editor of Argentina's *La Opinión*, comparable to the suffering of Woods? Is Argentina's brand of repressive regime better than South Africa's? Is fascism preferable to racism?

Ordinarily there would be no point in raising such questions. The only rational answer is that systematic repression of any kind is contemptible. Lately, though, in the brouhaha over the role of human rights in American foreign policy, the depredations of the right have been excused, minimized. Aficionados of authoritarian regimes in our press and politics pounced on Timerman, for example, because of his supposedly leftist sympathies and because his torture reflected the misdeeds of extremist anti-Semitic factions within the country rather than the consensus policy of the ruling elite. It will be interesting to see whether the same people will find a pretext to take a crack at Woods—for consorting with radicals like Biko, perhaps? Woods anticipates the problem by drawing from his own experience. On meeting Biko for the first time, he writes:

> I had the inevitable subconscious reservations one has about political victims in an authoritarian society. Intellectually you defend the right to an open trial. But you have sneaking suspicions or doubts about what they might have done. . . .

BOOKS of similar purpose, Timerman's is the more probingly personal and literary, Woods's is the more informative and journalistic. Timerman's is an exploration of universal evil, anonymous man's capacity for inhumanity. Woods's is a saga of South Africa, a revealing, powerful account told in the clearheaded prose of a fallen son.

The inbred South Africanness of *Asking for Trouble* is not surprising. Like Israel and Ireland, South Africa is a land obsessed with its own profoundly complex internal problems—problems which are insoluble so long as they stir such visceral passions. In a sense, Woods's account probably should be read on its own merits rather than placed in the broader context—as I have just done—of what Americans think other countries should be like. Woods writes not as a critical outsider, with an outsider's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

filters, but as a committed insider. His book is persuasive because he manages to convey the subtleties of South African life without ever becoming dense or too finely grained.

Woods was born in the Transkei territory, in what is now one of the theoretically independent African homelands inside South Africa. He grew up among the Bomvana tribesmen, whom his father serviced as a trader, and he learned the tribal language, Xhosa. As speakers of English, Woods and his family identified somewhat with their British roots in contrast to the deeply ethnocentric Afrikaners. This background gave Woods a liberal cast of mind by South African standards, but it was not until he grew up and traveled abroad that he came to understand the outside world's instinctive antipathy toward apartheid.

In fact, one of the features that makes Woods's recollections so worthwhile is that until the end he was acceptable among the South African ruling classes. His portraits of leading politicians give us an insight into the elusive Afrikaner mentality. Woods tells us, for instance, of his first meeting with General Hendrik Van den Bergh, head of the Bureau of State Security, the political police:

> I spoke about the government's habit of labelling critics of apartheid communists and asked whether it was simply ignorance on the part of Afrikaner Nationalist members of parliament. He said with surprising candor that it was . . . , adding that many politicians didn't know what communism was. As to those blacks who were communists, he said even more surprisingly: 'What would we do in their place, Menner Woods (the conversation was in Afrikaans)? Can one blame them? They see themselves as oppressed by us just as we Afrikaners saw ourselves as oppressed by the British. Then the communists offer them help to fight us, help in money and guns. What would we do? We can't close our eyes to the facts . . . we have to offer them something better than the communists can. . . .'

Woods had similarly blunt conversations with Prime Minister B. J. Vorster, Justice Minister J. T. Kruger, and others. While their attitudes become no more appealing, they grow more explicable.

Woods's most curious relationship was with Piet Koornhoof, the minister of sports who undertook the integration of athletics in an unsuccessful effort to end South Africa's total isolation on the international scene. Woods agreed to serve as an envoy for Koornhoof in getting other editors to play down news of integration in sports so as not to alarm South Africans who opposed any such moves. Woods even agreed to undertake secret negotiations with leaders of the international anti-South African sports boycott at Koornhoof's request. Later, Woods successfully integrated South African chess and represented the country in an effort to end its exclusion from world matches.

Woods believed these overt and covert services to the government were justified on the grounds that they reduced apartheid in at least some areas. Koornhoof had a different view:

> He felt that while South Africa remained excluded from international sport, this constituted a political pressure point against the whole Afrikaner Nationalist regime and the main body of political apartheid. . . . in short I wanted to end sports apartheid in order to hasten the breakdown of general apartheid while he wanted to end sports apartheid in order to prolong general apartheid.

Using officially approved means to achieve entirely divergent goals was Woods's method of dealing with the authorities until he become involved with Biko. While never radicalized himself to the point of deliberately attacking the law, Woods increasingly identified personally with Biko and sought bravely to force criminal investigations of his assailants. There is, as there tends to be in such cases, a Kafka-esque quality to his final struggles with the security police. The twisting of the laws to achieve sinister ends is the last redoubt of regimes on the edge of a complete breakdown of civil rights. Blacks were never adequately protected. Troublesome whites no longer were either. So much for integrating chess.

Asking for Trouble, despite its grim subject, is not as depressing as dissenters' books often are. Woods is an optimist by nature. His tone is informal, at times even cheerful. His conclusion, however, is decidedly somber. Donald Woods knows of what he writes, and all who read him—including Reagan administration policymakers—would do well to take his final message seriously: "Only two things can be said with certainty about the developing war in South Africa—that the whites will lose, and that the more fiercely they fight, the more comprehensively they will lose."

PETER OSNOS

Peter Osnos is the national editor of the *Washington Post*.

ABSURDITY AS A WAY OF LIFE

Pretender to the Throne: The Further Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin by Vladimir Voinovich translated by Richard Lourie

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $12.95)

This summer the Supreme Soviet announced that it had stripped Vladimir Voinovich of his citizenship for "slandering" the Soviet state. To those of us whose grim professional duties include reading the *Literary Gazette*, *Soviet Culture*, and other news rags put out by the humorless meatballs who supervise Soviet writing, this came as no surprise. Voinovich has the fatal flaw—talent. Nadezhda Mandelstam asked, "How is it 'they' recognize talent so well? By rights the opposite should be true." Perhaps all inferiors recognize their betters? In Voinovich's continuation of the "Adventures of Chonkin" a jailed informer tells the hero:

> To destroy talented people, Ivan Vasilyevich, is the pleasantest and safest of tasks. . . . When I think how many outstanding people passed through my hands, I feel like crying. Physicists, botanists, writers, sculptors, actors, Party workers—the elite, the cream of society.

It is a measure of progress that now this elite (when they are well known, at least) is expelled from the USSR rather than Gulaged or shot or both. Thus in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Heavy Sand
by Anatoli Rybakov
translated by
Harold Shukman

(Viking; $13.95)

It should be acknowledged at the outset that were Anatoli Rybakov's *Heavy Sand* written by a Westerner and published in London or New York, it would probably receive scant attention. As a work of literature it is graceless: Mr. Rybakov's style is pedestrian and his narrator, a flat, faceless character named Boris Ivanovsky, functions almost exclusively as a recorder of events; his voice, meant to be that of the "ordinary" citizen, drones monotonously. As historical chronicle *Heavy Sand* is more interesting, recounting as it does the experiences of a group of Jews in a small town on the border of Byelorussia and the Ukraine before World War II, and culminating in the events of the Nazi occupation. But what is most interesting about *Heavy Sand* is its very existence—because, of course, Anatoli Rybakov is not a Westerner but a Soviet Jew, and his novel first appeared not in *samizdat* or an émigré journal, but in the generally conservative monthly *October* in the summer of 1978.

It became instantly and understandably famous within the Soviet Union: the first detailed description of the wartime murder of Soviet Jews to appear there since the late 1940s; the first examination of the relationship between the Nazis and the local authorities; the first indictment of self-concerned and self-serving non-Jewish neighbors; the first challenge to the "sheep-to-slaughter" image of the Jewish victims all too prevalent in Russia (and, often, in the West). Exactly why Rybakov received permission to publish his book is unknown, but with *Heavy Sand* he joins the handful of officially published Soviet writers—the recently deceased Yuri Trifonov being another—who explore sensitive, if not explosive, questions of Soviet history with relative honesty.

The bulk of the novel describes life before the war. These Rakhlenkos and Ivanovskys bear little resemblance to the Jew of Isaac Babel's self-portrait, with "spectacles on my nose and autumn in my heart"; still less do they resemble the stoop-shouldered, beard-tugging, head-scratching *chasidim* dear to popular imagination, or the dreamers and schemers of Sholem Aleichem. Strong, tall, tough, proud, this clan of shoemakers carries its collective head high; its titular head, Boris's grandfather Rakhlenko, is one of the most respected men in town, honored equally by Jews and non-Jews.

Until the war, in fact, their Jewishness, while not a negligible element in their lives, is far from a decisive one. Rybakov portrays Grandfather Rakhlenko as a nonobservant, secular Jew; Boris's father, Jakob, is the son of a non-Jewish mother, and uncircumcised; the marriage takes place thanks to a faked medical certificate, and no one makes a fuss. The children of the clan reap the increased equality of opportunity brought by the Soviets, becoming pilots, doctors, factory managers, engineers. With the purge-trial episode Rybakov even gives them equality with other Soviet victims of Stalinism—though he handles this particular hot potato gingerly, and somewhat disingenuously, allowing Jakob to get off with a suspended sentence because of a clever lawyer who sticks to the letter of the law.

The family survives the 1930s only to be confronted with the 1940s. And with the arrival of the Nazis the status of the Jews changes. In this last, harrowing part of *Heavy Sand*, Rybakov details the rounding up of some 7,000 Jews, "bundles and bags, prams, frail old men, babes-in-arms, sick people on stretchers and in wheelbarrows"; he graphically describes the formation of the ghetto, the shootings, the tortures.

The Nazis don't do their work alone. They are assisted both by non-Jewish local officials and informers, and by Jewish traitors: Boris's own uncle is head of the Judenrat, and a despicable one indeed. The Nazis are, however, also opposed. Rybakov gives as much weight to the heroism as to the atrocities: the self-sacrifice of Boris's grandmother, who falsely admits to being a midwife, and is killed for it, so that the real midwife can survive and continue to deliver babies; the children of the ghetto, who build a tunnel and who act as couriers to the nearby partisans; the individuals who organize resistance groups.

Heavy Sand climaxes in a ghetto uprising. Most of the Jews die—as how could they not, half-starved, disease-ridden, and pitifully armed as they are?—but a few hundred escape. Led by Boris's mother, Rachel, they make their way to the forest and to safety.

Years later Boris, having pieced together the story from various survivors, comes back to his town and reads the words on the monument marking the mass grave: in Russian, "To the eternal memory of the victims of the German Fascist invaders"; in Hebrew, "Everything is forgiven, but those who have spilled innocent blood shall never be forgiven." It should be pointed out, not in derogation of Rybakov but as a matter of fact, that no such Hebrew words adorn any memorial tablet anywhere in the Ukraine (including Babi Yar). In his recent eulogy at Yuri Trifonov's funeral, Anatoli Rybakov was the only speaker to mention Trifonov's tragic family history: his mother sat in camps for many years; his father, a Bolshevik leader during the revolution, was killed during the purges. (See the *New York Times*, April 6.) Clearly, Rybakov's gorge is rising. Like every honest writer in the Soviet Union—and while there are not many, there are more than we in the West sometimes recognize—Rybakov walks a tightrope between the whole truth, which cannot be published, and the acceptable version of it. To his credit, *Heavy Sand* comes closer to the former than the latter—and closer by far than anyone has before.

JOSEPHINE WOLL

Josephine Woll teaches at Howard University and frequently writes about contemporary Russian literature.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1981 such internationally known figures as Vasily Aksyonov, Lev Kopelev, and Voinovich have joined the select group of exiles specifically legislated out of the body politic. Voinovich's reaction was to write Brezhnev, saying he couldn't lower Soviet prestige, since the Soviet Union had no prestige to start with.

Pretender to the Throne was published in Paris two years ago, so the Supreme Soviet's KGB informants knew what they were dealing with. The new book's main subject is the system itself, the secret police, and terror in Stalin's Russia. Loyal, simpleminded, perplexed Private Chonkin plays the role of catalyst; the main actors are party and police functionaries, prosecutors, judges, editors, and informers. As the novel opens, Chonkin, who cannot really understand the absurd things happening to him, is in jail, arrested on a false charge of desertion. The series of bureaucratic foul-ups which has led to this (in Volume I, *The Life and Extraordinary Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin*) pales compared to what happens next.

A few simple misunderstandings, combined with universal incompetence, lead the sycophants and paranoids who run everything to the fantastic conclusion that Chonkin is not only an ace German spy, but a direct descendant of the Princes Golitsyn who has come to foment rebellion and restore the monarchy. A Soviet rule is that one hand never knows what the other is doing, and by the end things get so crazy that simultaneously Chonkin is 1) ordered shot, and 2) ordered brought to Moscow to get a medal from Stalin. The two telegrams are even signed by the same officer.

Voinovich's main characters represent the whole chain of command, from local lieutenants up to Beria. He shows the psychology of each type, using satirical hyperbole which Russians who lived through this period say is not hyperbole at all. For example, Major Figurin, a sleepless, small-town operative, keeps a notebook filled with random rules for Soviet cops:

> Everyone is suspect.
>
> He who is doing something suspicious is suspect.
>
> Most suspicious is he who is not seen doing anything suspicious.
>
> Every suspect can become an accused.
>
> Suspicion is sufficient grounds for arrest.
>
> The arrest of a suspect is sufficient and conclusive proof of his guilt.

Saturn eats his children, so MVD and party officers are even more likely to become victims of this ineluctable logic than ordinary innocent people are. There is always a bigger fish swimming behind, and the higher the official, the more certainly he will be devoured. Another paradoxical rule is established by Voinovich, a kind of Peter Principle for Communists: you get promoted to the point where you are guilty. The alcoholic prosecutor explains:

> We couldn't get along with punishments. It is even a certainty that they will punish you. How could they do otherwise. . . . It's just that you've attained a position where sooner or later you'll turn out to be guilty. Of what? The guilt'll be found. . . . It's inevitable. But that's good too. Inevitability is our strength.

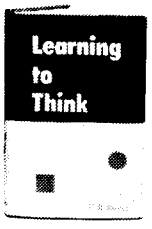
Thus everybody is afraid, no matter how much power they wield. Secret police chief Beria is terrified because he has to face Stalin directly. And in his own terror Stalin lives underground in a blocked-off subway station. Voinovich's sketch of Stalin has a worthy place in the growing anthology of the generalissimo's literary portraits (notably by Solzhenitsyn and Iskander). Indeed, Stalin occupies the imaginations of Russian fiction writers approximately as much as sex occupies the thoughts of American writers; and if John Updike could suggest literary descriptions of fellatio as a theme for comparative study, a Russian would offer portrayals of Stalin.

Obviously there are national differences in what excites readers. A fairly common reaction of Americans reading novels by Russian dissidents is, "Yes, that's awful. But what's the fuss about? —we've known that for a long time." I'm not sure everyone really has known, but people living on one-sixth of the earth have not been able to say such things out loud, much less get them in print. In the USSR there is so little about which a writer can write honestly that every new kernel of truth has great weight. Writers such as Trifonov or Rasputin who say more than what has been allowed in the past become best-sellers overnight. Writers have been known to boast that though 90 percent of their latest work was the usual lies, in 10 percent they said something never before published in the Soviet Union. For such a 10 percent or even for a modest historical allegory, a novel could become celebrated, or a play (such as Aitmatov's *The Assent of Mt. Fuji*) a hit. So it is no wonder that Russians reading *Pretender to the Throne* are stunned. (I mean émigrés, or the few thousand in the USSR lucky enough to see it in *samizdat* or smuggled copies.)

Virtually nothing in *Pretender* would have the slightest chance of being printed in the USSR. It deals exclusively with banned subjects, and that automatically galvanizes Voinovich's natural audience. Moreover, Russians have the advantage of immediate comprehension of names, characters based on real-life Soviet celebrities, and literary and historical allusions which the American reader cannot possibly understand. (The translation, incidentally, lacks sufficient footnotes to help the uninitiated.) Thus Voinovich's wonderful parodies of bureaucratic documents, Soviet newspaper styles, or political jargon are either diluted or lost in English. Like most comic writers Voinovich is at a disadvantage in translation; the common experience and knowledge which satire presupposes is absent.

This is not to say that *Pretender* is closed territory for non-Russians. Voinovich creates a world which is sufficiently autonomous for anyone to understand the main lessons he is teaching,

LEARNING TO THINK



By E. R. Emmett

This fascinating and readable book shows you how to achieve the most basic goal of education: LEARNING TO THINK.

Puzzles, diagrams and examples (both serious and lighthearted) are extensively used by the author who **stresses the importance of logic in our everyday lives.** He shows us how to think clearly and concisely and to make us enjoy the process. Exercises to test our ability to reason clearly are provided throughout this thought-provoking book. *Illustrated.*

Order Now. ONLY $8.95, plus $1.25 handling
10-Day Money-Back Guarantee

EMERSON BOOKS, INC., Dept. 968-F
Buchanan, N.Y. 10511

"DAMN THAT Qaddafi. Just as the Tony Lewis brigade was poised to 'question' the Administration's Gulf of Sidra story — suspiciously like Lyndon Johnson's Gulf of Tonkin story, you know — the Libyan lunatic came right out and said he ordered his planes to attack. *Damn.* Will you just shut up, Muammar, and let *us* handle this?"

For a free copy of the current issue of National Review write to Dept. R-17, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

often in a direct Tolstoyan way:

> Important people sat behind those doors. No kid gloves were used. They treated each visitor like a hydra who only wished to snatch something from the peasants' workers' state. Themselves producing nothing but useless paper, they reproached each caller as if it were he precisely who was living off the state, receiving too much as it was, and now coming in for more.

Voinovich has a profound understanding of Soviet Marxist mentality. He is especially enlightening, and funny, when showing how perfectly decent fellows learned the doublethink which allows them to rationalize their destruction of innocent people, including their own best friends. As anyone who has spent time with Voinovich can attest, he has a natural storytelling gift, particularly for something like American tall tales, and along with *Chonkin, Pretender to the Throne* is his most sustained achievement. Thus while the Supreme Soviet has issued its *ukaz*, we need not feel sorry for Voinovich, who now lives in Germany. In the past they tried to delete writers from Russian literature using lead instead of ink, but that didn't work either.

CARL J. PROFFER

Carl J. Proffer is professor of Slavic languages and literature at the University of Michigan. He is co-editor of *Russian Literature Triquarterly*.

SCREENING GAYS

The Celluloid Closet: Homosexuality in the Movies by Vito Russo

(Harper & Row; $15; $7.95, paper)

When I saw the French film *The Wages of Fear* several years ago, I was enthralled, as was the rest of the audience, by that exquisitely paced drama of men transporting dynamite over bumpy mountain roads. But the scene I remember best was something quite different. At one point Yves Montand thinks that his friend has been killed in an explosion, but then sees him stagger away from the wreckage. He rushes up to him joyfully, embraces him, and kisses him on the mouth. As I recall, there were more gasps at that than at any of the scenes in which Montand narrowly escapes being blown to bits. This nervousness at expressions of love between men—so rare on the American screen—is Vito Russo's theme in *The Celluloid Closet*, a study of 80 years of homosexuality in the movies. Though his account is marred by some awkward writing and a too-insistent ideology, it's a hilarious and appalling book, a fascinating look at what happens when those who know little and care less about homosexuals turn the spotlight on the half-hidden life.

First, the history. Russo's closet is walk-in size, packed with films portraying war buddies, sissies (Franklin Pangborn and Grady Sutton in their I'm-a-little-teapot stance), and wolves in ewes' clothing, as well as films with explicitly homosexual and lesbian characters. There are a few odd omissions—*Some Like It Hot*; the two films about Oscar Wilde; the silent films of Julian Eltinge, the greatest female impersonator before Mae West—but *The Celluloid Closet* abounds in marvelously bizarre facts, anecdotes, and what the library calls facetiae.

Light-footed characters appeared on movie screens, it seems, as early as 1895, with an experimental Thomas Edison film of two men dancing a waltz; it was called *The Gay Brothers*. Russo shows us *A Florida Enchantment*, a 1914 film about a couple who exchange clothes and go in amorous pursuit of their own sex; *The Warrior's Husband*, a 1933 role-reversal comedy with Ernest Truex in a sausage-curled beard; and *Call Her Savage*, a 1932 Clara Bow movie with a gay-bar scene in which two men with feather dusters sing, "On a great big battleship, we'd like to be working as chambermaids!" Some of this can be a bit numbing—Russo seems to have included every one- and two-line fag gag he's ever heard—but he gives us some lovely things, such as Franklin Pangborn's bitchy insinuation in *Easy Living*: "My dear, wherever there's smoke, there must be . . . um . . . somebody smoking."

When the 1930s ended, however, so did this amiable giddiness; in the following decade, any hint of effeminacy vanished from the screen. Russo attributes this to increasing censorship and the need to unite Americans for the war effort into a monolithic normality. When Sam Goldwyn was told that he could not film *The Well of Loneliness* because the leading character was a lesbian, he replied characteristically—for him, but also for the 1940s—"So what? We'll make her an American." A typical bit of Americanizing was *Night and Day*, a musical biography of a devotedly married Cole Porter. Homosexual characters reappeared in the 1950s, but by then Franklin Pangborn and Grady Sutton had been replaced by George Sanders and Clifton Webb; they still provided comic relief, but more often a note of menace. When the censors permitted a more explicit treatment of homosexuality, in the 1960s and 1970s, the new openness led not to tolerance but to exploitation. Killer faggots and Nazi dykes stalked through the James Bond films; somber, doomed inverts plodded along in the "problem" pictures; men suspected of preferring men occasioned the few naughty jokes in the smirkily pure Doris Day-style comedies. In what Russo amusingly calls "a kill 'em or cure 'em climate," confirmed homosexuals were eliminated, while recalcitrant ones were redeemed by the love of a good woman. Russo's book ends with a necrology listing the horrible deaths screen homosexuals have been condemned to (Sandy Dennis was killed in *The Fox* when a tree fell on her; Sebastian Venable in *Suddenly Last Summer* was, of course, murdered and eaten by a lot of little Spanish boys). The oddest item Russo has turned up is a hysterical (in both senses) 1939 film called *Children of Loneliness*, in which a sex-crazed lesbian throws acid at a coworker who turns her down. The les-

RECENT BOOKS BY OUR CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

John Keegan and Joseph Darracott
The Nature of War
(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $37.50)

Joyce Carol Oates
Angel of Light
(Dutton; $15.50)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bian misses; the girl throws it back; the lesbian, blinded, flees into the street and is run over by a truck, to the relief of the heterosexual, who later marries a football player.

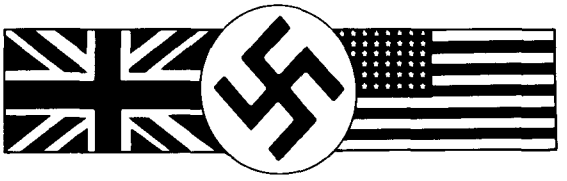
Only life members of the Anita Bryant fan club, I would think, would be unsympathetic to Russo's dismay at this ghastly catalog of homosexual characters who run the pint-size gamut from ineffectual to psychopathic, who have been used to give the heterosexual audience a cheap laugh or thrill and an unearned sense of superiority. (European films have been a good deal more mature—the British *Victim* and *A Taste of Honey*, for instances, and the famous *Mädchen in Uniform*, whose American distributor, Russo notes, refused for 50 years to let it be shown at lesbian film festivals.) Russo's tone is not strident—indeed, it is often flippant—and he makes many sensible observations about such things as the use of the suspected homosexual as a scapegoat for he-men's fears about themselves (the *Tea and Sympathy* syndrome), and the traditional American equation of interest in the arts with perversion (though this has changed greatly; after Baryshnikov, "ballet dancer" may become as outdated as "artist" as a synonym for "fairy").

AND YET, and yet. . . . Russo's perspective, especially when he gets to the more recent and more offensive films, is sociological rather than aesthetic. He attacks *Cruising* for its sensational portrayal of homosexuals, but never mentions that its greater sin is not being dangrous, but being badly done. He laments the unpopularity of *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*, attributing it to audiences' revulsion at the affair between Murray Head and Peter Finch. But *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* was a very blasé, static film, undramatic to the point of phoniness (Glenda Jackson, as Head's other lover, isn't at all disturbed by his bisexuality, only his infidelity). Russo also goes in for too many tedious discussions of "role-playing," and some fancy theorizing, telling us, for instance, that lesbians arouse less hostility than homosexuals in our male-dominated society because they imitate the behavior of men. This is a nice, academic reason, but I think what matters more is that lesbians are not associated with promiscuity and violence, and that their sexual practices more closely resemble those of heterosexuals.

Ultimately, the problem with Russo's

AUSCHWITZ

THE WORLD KNEW, YET DID NOTHING.



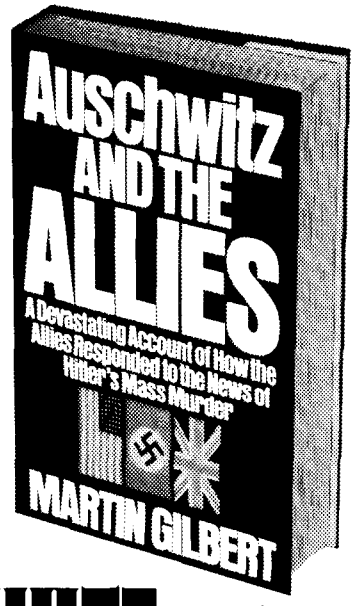
***AUSCHWITZ AND THE ALLIES* is "A devastating account of what can now be seen as a monstrous aberration....[the] revelations in these pages are irrefutable."** —*John Barkham Reviews*

How much did those in power around the world know? How did the Allied governments react? And why did they make virtually no effort to save Europe's Jews from extermination? Why was Auschwitz never bombed and the crematoria destroyed?

In *AUSCHWITZ AND THE ALLIES*, one of the world's most respected historians puts together, for the first time, the searing details of this 20th-century horror story.

Martin Gilbert's sources include Churchill's own secret wartime papers; hundreds of previously unpublished documents from all over the world; and personal interviews with eye witnesses to the incidents he describes.

The result is a shocking, moving work, a moral tale in which evil was not challenged as it should have been, and when help was not given when needed most.


Auschwitz
AND THE
ALLIES
A Devastating Account of How the Allies Responded to the News of Hitler's Mass Murder
MARTIN GILBERT

$15.95

AUSCHWITZ AND THE ALLIES

A Devastating Account of How the Allies Responded to the News of Hitler's Mass Murder
by Martin Gilbert

Holt, Rinehart & Winston

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

concerns, and his book, is that humanitarianism and art don't proceed from the same impulse or have the same goal. Yes, I would like to see movies that treat homosexuals with intelligence and sensitivity—but I don't think that creating an awareness of homosexuals as a group is the way to do this. Any emphasis on what a group of people have in common is bound to obscure their individual qualities, and it's only individual characters who can have universal appeal.

Russo quotes Richard Burton, dismayed after being asked a lot of foolish and nasty questions by movie reporters about his playing a homosexual in *Staircase*: "They frighten me. Because they're supposed to be the intellectuals, and I suddenly realize that they're the audience for this film. I have never known anyone who took great exception to homosexuals that there wasn't something very wrong with that person himself."

Burton's grammar is not the best (he probably learned it from those Philip Rahvs and Susan Sontags who interview movie stars), but one takes his point. If heterosexuals are unhappy and frustrated, they'll feel contempt and anger for people who mock the most central fact of their existence. Before we can have a more benign attitude toward homosexuals on screen, we'll have to be more accepting of them in real life. Unfortunately, it's not given to many of us to be as sexually secure as Richard Burton.

RHODA KOENIG

Rhoda Koenig is a senior editor of *New York* magazine.

BRIEF REVIEW

The Reagan Revolution by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

(Dutton; $12.50)

Every generation of Washington columnists since Walter Lippmann has been seduced by the idea that it is better to cultivate the powerful than to expose them. The result is that the columnists continue to get invited to all the best dinner parties, but their readers are deprived of many of their best stories.

No one has ever substituted sycophancy for skepticism more successfully than Rowland Evans and Robert Novak do in their new book, *The Reagan Revolution*. Billed as an "inside look at the transformation of the US government," this work provides powerful evidence of the authors' determination to transform themselves from journalists into official publicists for their newest hero.

In the world of Evans and Novak, *everything* about Ronald Reagan is wonderful—from his lionizing of Calvin Coolidge to his refusal to "flinch from confrontation" with the Soviets—even the conviction of his economists that plentiful food stamps have a "disruptive effect on incentives to work." When Reagan seems inconsistent, this is proof of admirable determination: "neither ideological scruples nor personal affection would get in the way of victory."

But the really dramatic news here is that a string of roles in B-movies is actually the best possible preparation for the most dangerous job in the world:

> The nearly thirty years spent by Reagan in the supposedly make-believe world of show business was in many ways more real than the experience of previous presidents with wide public service. He alone among recent presidents had spent his mature years in the real world, confronting daily the real bread-and-butter problems faced by his fellow citizens. . . . He had learned to cope with adversity during the lean years. . . . Those thirty years polished the intuitive judgment so indispensable to the entrepreneurial and capitalist system.

This book is basically a cut-and-paste job of Evans's and Novak's own columns, but the modesty of these journalistic giants prevents them from revealing their sources in the body of their text. Thus when quoting themselves their habitual style is, "As reported in a syndicated column at the time . . ." or "the same syndicated column also reported. . . ."

Theoretically, sympathetic reportage is supposed to yield extra dividends for the reader in the form of that much-sought-after commodity, "inside information," but in the hands of Evans and Novak, things don't always work out that way. Last fall, for example—just days before the election—they reported that Evans's good friend, Lloyd Cutler, then serving as Jimmy Carter's counsel, was just back from Geneva. There, he had sealed "in a handshake" an agreement with the Iranians to free the American hostages.

Any first-semester journalism student would have telephoned Cutler to confirm the story before printing it. Evans and Novak, however, did not. When a *Washington Post* reporter took that elementary precaution, he learned that Cutler hadn't left the country that week. In fact, Cutler hadn't been out of the country at any time during the previous five months. "Rowly has said to me since that he should have checked with me," says Cutler. "He was sorry but he said he'd heard it from 'a very good source.'" No wonder working reporters in Washington call them "Errors and No Facts."

CHARLES KAISER

Charles Kaiser is a writer and critic living in New York City.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

murdering its citizens, and your attack on the World Council of Churches ("Holy Fools," Charles Krauthammer) and your hatchet-job on Pete Seeger ("Goodnight Stalene," Walter Goodman), I would have a difficult time without seeing your new cover knowing whether I was reading TNR or the *National Review*. What has become of your liberal vision when you devote your pages to carping on those further to the left or attacking easy targets on the far right (such as "Spotlight on the Hill," Mark Hosenball)? Where is any incisive analysis of the real right, which is now in power and systematically dismantling our liberal society? Perhaps the real aim in changing your format is to lure some of the more gullible *National Review* readers over to your muted liberalism.

John R. Boatright
Shaker Heights, Ohio

The editors welcome correspondence from *TNR*'s readers. Letters intended for publication should include the correspondent's full name, address, and telephone number; should be typed double-spaced; and should be held to under 200 words.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC CLASSIFIEDS

THE NEW REPUBLIC CLASSIFIEDS IS A WEEKLY FEATURE. Ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates: one time ad $1/word, six ads per year $.95/word, 12 ads per year $.90/word, 24 times per year $.85/word, 48 times per year $.80/word. Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR box numbers. Classified display ads are $30/inch. Bold headline, signature, and inset available. Complete rate card upon request: Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your VISA/MasterCard # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Wednesday issue date. Phone orders accepted with VISA/MasterCard only. Send copy or call collect: Theresa Miller, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC 20036. (202) 331-7494

Arts/Crafts

JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINT REPRODUCTIONS. Masterpieces by Utamaro, Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. New catalogue illustrated 600 subjects, $10.00 (seamail). No wholesale available. Adachi Institute of Woodcut Prints, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan.

ESCHEW CANNED SENTIMENT. Send for our frameable block-printed or silk-screened holiday cards. Samples on approval. Unusual silk-screened heraldic renderings also: thousands of family blazons available. John Geffroy, Box 889, Las Vegas, NM 87701.

Associations

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. INFORMATION: NR, RD 1 Box, 409, Coopersburg, PA 18036.

Astrology

REVEREND PHYLLIS MICHELE
Psychic Consultant
PAST PRESENT FUTURE
ASTROLOGY TAROT PSYCHOMETRY
3 Questions-$10, Send Self-addressed stamped envelope, (include birthdate): 1850 N.E. 207 St., Miami, Fla. 33179
Private Appointment (305) 932-7808
"HIGH DEGREE OF ACCURACY"

Books

Bored with local programs? You can hear stations from all over the world on the portable shortwave radios we sell. No outside antenna needed. $109.95 to $329.95. L A White Jr. Inc., 1901 Medi-Park #1002, Amarillo, TX 79106. (806) 359-3139.

Buttons/Bumperstickers

GOODBY NEW DEAL/HELLO RAW DEAL bumpersticker $1.00 each postage-paid c/o Timely Stickers, P.O. Box 3707, Washington, DC 20037.

BUTTONS/BUMPERSTICKERS/CUSTOM PRINTED (union shop). Lowest Movement prices (since 1961!). Largest variety social awareness items in stock for immediate shipment. Free catalog. Larry Fox, Box M-4, Valley Stream, NY 11582. (516) 791-7929.

Causes

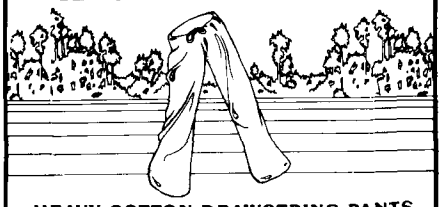
DEFEAT RIGHTWING CONSERVATIVES. Complete National Action Plan. Send $5 and S.A.S.E. We Ourselves, Inc., 1377 K St., NW—Suite 125, Washington, DC 20005.

PUT YOUR MONEY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS—Back integrated housing. Write Morris Milgram and James Farmer to learn how you can invest in your ideals. OPEN, 1901 East West Hwy., Apt. T-2, Dept. NRC, Silver Spring, MD 20910.

Clothing

NATURAL FIBER CLOTHING
American made, sturdy cotton clothing in 11 styles and 8 colors. Also Chinese shoes, cotton flannel night shirts, flannel sheets, cotton shower curtains and other good things!
Send for FREE CATALOG!
Good things collective inc
52 Main St., Dept. N9
Northampton, MA 01060
"a worker's cooperative"

GET OUT OF YOUR JEANS!



HEAVY COTTON DRAWSTRING PANTS
Durable Comfort in: *Natural • Sky Blue • Navy Russet • Plum • Black*
State Hip/Waist Measurements
— $15 postpaid —
Free Catalogue and Swatches
DEVA, A COTTAGE INDUSTRY
BOX NRT, BURKITTSVILLE, MD 21718

Colleges/Universities

Non-traditional Doctoral Program. Southeastern University, 5163 DeGaulle Drive, New Orleans, LA 70114.

Employment Opportunities

Escape City Problems working with leading Corporation. Wide choice of TOWNS. Reduced cost housing. Newsletter/requirements at $3 cost. Personnel, Box 2895, Orangehurst Station, Fullerton, CA 92633.

INTERNATIONAL EMPLOYMENT HOTLINE
Monthly issues reveal current opportunities for career and temporary overseas employment
DISCOVER WHAT'S WAITING FOR YOU IN THE WORLD—AND HOW TO GET IT NOW!

YES! Connect me to **HOTLINE** information on current international employment opportunities every month. Send me:
☐ (US) $26.00 One year subscription
☐ (US) $18.00 Six month subscription
☐ (US) $13.50 Three month trial subscription
Enclosed $_____ ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Include (US) $5.00 for subscriptions outside U.S. and Canada send with payment to: International Employment Hotline, 4216 West 12th St., Suite AA, Little Rock, AR 72204.

Financial

BEFORE BUYING GOLD-SILVER, know pitfalls. Details from expert, save money, disappointment. Only $2.00 postpaid. Mr. Oliver, Box 3361, Shawnee, OK 74801.

Games

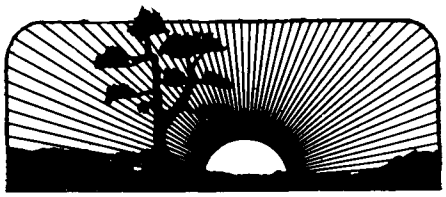
CROSSWORD PUZZLES SPECIALLY MADE for your convention, anniversary celebration, individual gifts. Christmas, any occasion! Related names, inside jokes, technical words. Write: F. E. Halverson, 5133 Dupont Ave. S, Minneapolis, MN 55419.

FREE SAMPLE ACROSTIC PUZZLE. S.A.S.E. to Crosstickers, Box 68, Deep River, CT 06417.

Gardening Tools

FINE ENGLISH GARDENING TOOLS
Smith & Hawken offers the finest hand-crafted English gardening tools: forks, spades, hoes, trowels, shears, rakes, and more.

SMITH & HAWKEN TOOL COMPANY
Free 32-page mail order catalog of quality tools.
68 Homer, Dept. N77, Palo Alto, CA 94301



The Great Escapes

WAPLES MILL POND CANOEING-SERENDIPITY. Rentals, primitive camping. Rt. 1 and 5, Milton, DE 19968. (302) 684-8084.

CATALOGUE OF 100 CURRENT BRITISH TRAVEL BOOKS. Lodgings, food, sightseeing, B&B's, maps. England, London, Ireland, Scotland, Wales. $1.00. Berkshire Traveller Press, Dept. 9, Stockbridge, Massachusetts 01262.

JAMAICA beach house, tennis/snorkel; staffed. Rural fishing village. Thanksgiving, fall weeks still open. Noel, 141-B Ridgefield, Htfd. CT 06112. (203) 247-0759.

URBAN RAT RACERS—The Tamworth Inn (Tamworth, New Hampshire) is a restored village inn (circa 1830) in an off-the-beaten track New England village. First class restaurant and pub. For room reservations, call (603) 323-7721.

Health/Beauty

FINGERNAIL FUNGUS? Inexpensive natural cure. $10.00. HMC, P.O. Box 325-E, Rocky Hill, NJ 00553.

NERVOUS TENSION and stress affecting your performance? There is a NATURAL ANSWER. Send $1 + S.A.S.E., (refunded with purchase) for details. NATUR-WAY, INC., Box 704 (N.R.), Aliquippa, PA 15001.

Instruction

SLEEP-LEARNING tapes, books! Strange catalog free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-NR, Olympia, WA 98507.

Non-profit corporation offers sex therapy program for partnered or unpartnered clients. Center for Counseling & Therapy, P.O. Box 1197, Santa Cruz, CA 95061.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literature

LET ME DIE BEFORE I WAKE by Derek Humphry. Guide to self-deliverance for the dying. Sold to Hemlock members. Stamped-addressed envelope for details: Hemlock, P.O. Box 66218, Los Angeles, CA 90066.

Literary Services

STILL LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service. Please write Peter Sperling Books, Box 300, Dept. R, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10113-0300.

WRITERS: "PROBLEM" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.

Personal

LIVING TOGETHER? Sample Cohabitational Agreement. Genderless, non-exploitive, professionally drafted. $4.00. CO/HAB, 74-A Cedar Acres Drive, Lancaster, PA 17602.

THE HAPPY SINGLE, a correspondence magazine/club often with member photos. Send $2.00 for sample copy, Box 1400-NRA, Lawrence, KS 66044. Foreign $4.00.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS get the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081 Established 1970 [or call (215) 566-2132].

GAY? Meet intelligent, interesting people. Quick-Confidential-Legitimate. Call now. Steve (212) 232-5500. Nationwide.

Far East correspondents seek American correspondents. Cherry Blossoms, Hanokaa, HI 96727.

UNATTACHED? Meet sincere, literate singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE-free 800-451-3245.

Property Sale/Rent

Tucson Arizona: Buy homes, land, etc. Free Information. Reputable Roy Long Realty. M. J. Barrett, 5671 N. Oracle Rd. 85704.

Montana-Why not own a piece of the West? City lots in Broadview, public water, sewer, 25' x 140', Warranty Deed, title insurance, No hidden expenses, $500.00 each, 1/2 hour from Montana's largest, most progressive city, 130 lots, terms available, written verification to all questions, attorneys participation welcome. Call or write: Mrs. Rankin, 1241 Cotton, Billings, MT 59102. (406) 259-2162.

Publications

THE HIDDEN TRUTH ABOUT CRIME AND CRIMINALS William L. Parham books-Prepublication Offer: A Habitation of Devils. Violence-filled book about crime & coming anarchy! Tells how you can stop it.$13.95HC. Requiems and Other Celebrations. A gift book of serious and light poetry, attractively crafted, "For Those Who Care." $4.75PB. Submit prepublication reviews both to Veritas Publications, P.O. Box 4418, Arlington,Va. 22204 and receive $5.00 refund. Hilarious Book of Melvin(Quatrains for Depraved Derelicts).$3.95PB. Money back guarantee.

Recipes

Beat inflation. Make your own brownie, biscuit, muffin mixes. $3.00. MJ Kitchens, 1631 Medford, Topeka, Kansas 66604.

Sensational Bavarian dinner recipe including authentic Beer Biscuits. $2. Box 335, Oakmont, PA 15139.

UNIQUE, EASY, LOW/NO MEAT recipes. $1, S.A.S.E. Box 6931, St. Louis, MO 63123.

Cinnamon Chocolate Cake. Best you ever ate. $1.00, S.A.S.E. Beje, 1014 Heritage Village, Madison, TN 37115.

WHOLE WHEAT. 16 delicious, nutritious recipes: Cookies, breads, cakes, etc. $3.25, S.A.S.E.: Briant, 1313 Paris, Columbia, MO 65201.

Easily prepared, exotic natural food recipes. $3.00 CET, 1534 B Honeygrove Dr., Richmond, VA 23229.

"ITALIANO DELIGHTS"—Six of MAMA PERELLI'S 5th generation recipes. Sauces, Pastas, Roasted Tomatoes. Authentic and Complete. $2.00 to: ITALIANO, P.O. Box 2137, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

ORIGINAL VIETNAMESE EGGROLLS. Five more exotic dishes. $4.00. Oliver, Box 3361, Shawnee, OK 74801.

ETHNIC COOKIE RECIPES. 10 different nationalities. $3.00 S.A.S.E.: Mary, Box 13032, Pittsburgh, PA 15243.

Religion

101 Biblical Contradictions, $3.00 DISCOVERY, Box 20331-NR, West Valley, UT 84120.

T-Shirts

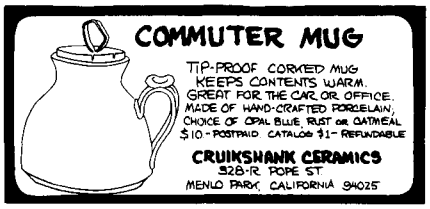
MORAL MAJORITY GOT YOU DOWN?

Have a devil of a good time in your Immoral Minority T-shirt. Sizes: S, M, L, XL. T-Shirt: (red, yellow, lt blue, beige or white) $6.95 4/$25. Sweatshirt: (lt blue, grey, white) $11.95 2/$22. Shipping: 75¢ each. Send check or money order to: Taxin Designs, Box 114, Moylan, PA 19065.

Vacation/Travel

VACATIONS FOR EVERYONE. gays, singles, families, couples. pleasure or business trips individually planned to meet your interests and budget. Phone ROBERT SEABURY, travel agent, at (212) 255-2485. If line is busy, call (212) 242-3900. FREE, FREE, FREE ticket delivery anywhere in Manhattan.

Etc.


COMMUTER MUG
TIP-PROOF CORKED MUG
KEEPS CONTENTS WARM.
GREAT FOR THE CAR OR OFFICE.
MADE OF HAND-CRAFTED PORCELAIN,
CHOICE OF OPAL BLUE, RUST OR OATMEAL
$10 - POSTPAID CATALOG $1 - REFUNDABLE
CRUIKSHANK CERAMICS
528-R POPE ST
MENLO PARK, CALIFORNIA 94025

ARCANE INVESTMENT SYSTEM . . . 1¢ to millions in 31 days! Details, $2.00: Arcane, Box 5912, Tucson, AZ 85703.

FREE ADVICE guaranteed to save you money. Send $1.00 postage and handling. RPI, P.O. Box 1637, Whittier, CA 90609.

TIPPER'S TABLE. Wallet-size card for figuring 15% tips. $1. Rithmetics, Box 720, Tillamook, OR 97141.

NECK TIE NARROWING Save your wide ties from fashion obsolescence! We'll narrow your ties to a stylish 3" width (or state width). Great birthday or Christmas gift. Send $12.50 for each set of 3 ties to Slim Ties Co., 44 Monterey Blvd., Dept. N, S.F., CA 94131

Sell It, Rent It, Trade It, Find It

When you place your ad in The New Republic classifieds, you place your ad in front of over 250,000 readers for $1.00 a word per issue or $30 per column inch for camera ready copy. If you would like TNR to prepare a display ad for you, call for free estimates. If you've never advertised in our classified section before, you're eligible for our "3 FOR 2" INTRODUCTORY OFFER! Pay for two insertions and we'll throw in the third one FREE. *(Further rate information on preceding page.)*

Send check/money order or MasterCard/Visa # along with ad copy. Phone orders accepted with MasterCard/Visa only. Send copy or call collect: Theresa Miller, The New Republic, 1220 19th St., NW, Washington, DC, 20036. (202) 331-7494.

I'LL DO IT! Enclosed is prepayment along with my ad copy. Please run my ad _____ times.

_____

_____

_____

_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRAVELING DIARIST

Summer's End

THE ACADEMY is only just back from its jealously guarded annual three-month exile, but already it is making airline reservations for the conferences, symposia, and dialogues that seem to compensate for low wages and the tedium of teaching. At Southern California, there is scheduled a gathering on "Interdisciplinary Approaches to the Work of Michel Foucault" with the great man himself critiquing the critiques. In New York there's one on "Heroic Consciousness." Even though Illinois has not ratified the ERA, Chicago is a big favorite: it will soon host a meeting on "The Politics of Interpretation" and another on the solipsistic topic of "Narcissism and the Self." What academics don't spend weekends on, they put between covers. Feminism is still a hot topic, showing that the academy follows and does not lead. "Who Are the French Feminists and What Are They Thinking?" is the topic of one publication. If you've been breathless for the sequel to *Old Feminist Essays on Virginia Woolf*, Nebraska is bringing out a volume of *New Feminist Essays on*. . . . I can't see how there could be much more left to say about the lady who made Bloomsbury famous. Nor can I imagine very many fresh thoughts on the work of Hannah Arendt, who is nonetheless the subject of a three-day conference, funded by three endowments, and to be addressed by some of the usual hagiographers. Doubtless I'd still learn from the conference presentations by Renata Adler, Leon Botstein, and Bernard Crick; the rest of the alphabet, however, is depressingly predictable. But no one would have predicted that Edward Said, a member of the executive of the Palestine Liberation Organization, would have been invited to speak on "Questions of Jewish Identity," and that because of his star status as an action intellectual he'd be permitted to veto other speakers. One person who had been invited and was subsequently dropped because Said didn't wish to confront him intellectually is Leon Wieseltier, a contributing editor of TNR and one of Harvard's select junior fellows. (I've read the essay he'd prepared for the conference. It is, in fact, an original and provocative reading of Arendt, and a version of it will appear in the next issue of this magazine.) Now, at the last minute, however, Said has dropped out of the conference in favor, as Oscar Wilde used to say, of a subsequent engagement. So the organizers have reinvited Wieseltier. Said is that rare intellectual still in the thrall of Soviet totalitarianism. Why should American professors have allowed him to dictate, as totalitarians always want to, whose thoughts are permissible and whose aren't?

ELSEWHERE IN literary New York, where commerce matters more than ideology, the watchword is forgive and forget. So when the publishers Stein and Day put out *The Warsaw Diary of Adam Czerniakow: Prelude to Doom*, their publicity featured a long blurb by Hitler's old comrade Albert Speer: "This book reveals the horror in a new perspective. A horror which surpasses all imagination and at which this diary cries out in particular pain. . . . It illustrates . . . how to regiment even misery, depicted here by an honest Jew, whose heart was broken by it." Speer, of course, knew about such matters; that's presumably how he can tell the difference between an "honest Jew" and a typical one. But isn't it a trifle grotesque to call on an architect of the Third Reich to attest to the agonies of those destroyed by it? Speer, who died early this month, was not simply an important Nazi; even before his release from Spandau prison he had become a media personality and author. So when Macmillan put out his last book, *Infiltration*, another media personality, Simon Wiesenthal, gave it his blessings: "This is the most important book Albert Speer has written. . . ." Wiesenthal has spent decades stalking Nazi war criminals; he's made something of a hustle for himself in claiming that, were it not for his activities, the memory of the Holocaust would die. But for all his preachments about "never forgetting," he couldn't resist the lure of being quoted—even if on behalf of someone whose hustle was his closeness to the Führer.

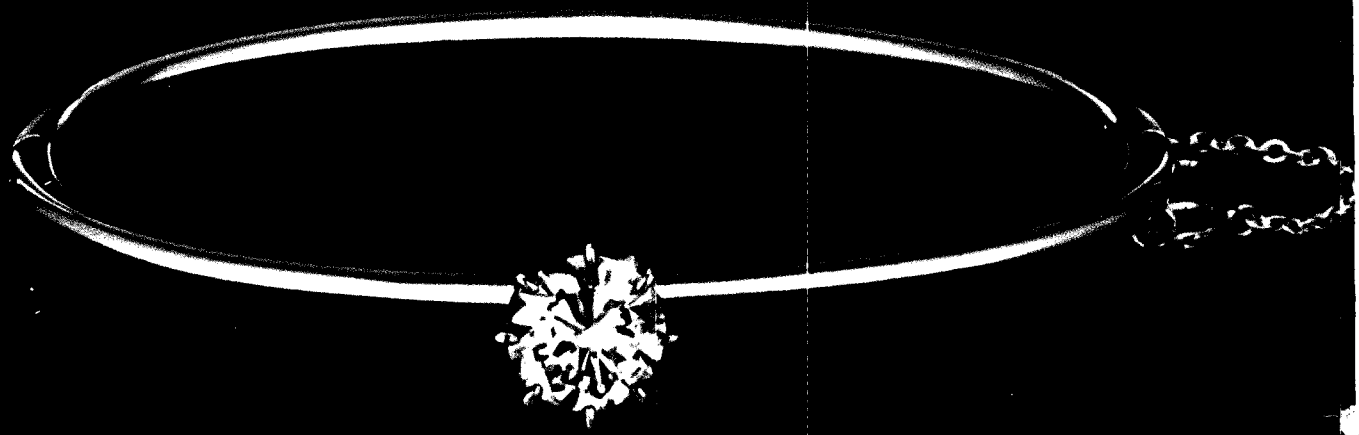
JUST BEFORE school opened, I visited Rome and Jerusalem with one of my children, traveling on three different airlines. Sequential journeys on Alitalia, El Al, and Swissair convinced me that national character analysis ought to be reintroduced as a legitimate subject of study in universities. Psychological patterns aside, though, Italian politics still surprise. The last time I was in Italy, everyone was predicting the coming to power of Eurocommunism, and not only there: in France, too, then perhaps Spain, and . . . as one of my excitable younger Cambridge colleagues calmly suggested, "Who knows? Maybe tomorrow the world." But Italy would be where the breakthrough would happen, where communism was most benign, least pro-Soviet, and (important to Western intellectuals) apparently based on the prison ruminations of the overrated Marxist theorist Antonio Gramsci. The Communists have even lost Bologna, the city where the Red promise began. Today, it is the then-all-but-defunct Socialist party which is in the ascendancy, and, like Mitterrand's governing Socialists in Paris, eager to bolster the Western alliance and even to have American neutron bombs emplaced in Europe.

STILL, apart from the riveting beauty of historic Rome, my most vivid visual impression was of the ubiquitous soldiers guarding government buildings, machine guns ready at hand, armored vests—medieval apparitions in the modern age—fixed stiffly from neck to genitals. We noticed no such fear in Israel, afflicted by better organized and more numerous terrorists, who are backed by big powers and other states, but who, being cowards, prefer to kill innocents at random. The political leadership goes almost wholly unprotected. I had already thought in Rome of Israel's defiance of the merciless logic of history. At the far end of the Roman Forum stands the Arch of Titus, commemorating *Judea Capta*, the sacking of Jerusalem, and the dispersion of the people of Israel to the four corners. Perhaps you recall the bas-relief that has testified in stone for nearly two millenia to the glory that was Rome: soldiers carrying off the seven-branch menorah from the Second Temple. What happened to that empire? More to the point, what secret explains the endurance of the people it vanquished and scattered?

M.P.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She can't wear a Ming vase to La Bohème.



Born out of fire and ice more than a hundred
million years ago. Every diamond is unique.
But a diamond this large is even more precious.
A gift so rare, it can never be measured.
Until you see the look in her eyes.

THE DIAMOND SOLITAIRE.
A RARE GIFT.

The one and a quarter carat diamond bracelet shown is enlarged for detail.

A diamond is forever. De Beers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED